

GOLDEN SONGS
of the
GOLDEN
STATE







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of the
GOLDEN STATE



Selected by
MARGUERITE
WILKINSON

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To L. J. M., A. M. L. AND R. G. L.

AND TO OTHER FRIENDS IN SANTA BARBARA WHO
TAUGHT ME THE LOVELINESS OF CALIFORNIA

CONTENTS

Part One

PAGE

PIONEER VOICES I

Part Two

VOICES OF THE GREAT SINGERS..... 29

Part Three

LIVING VOICES 61

INTRODUCTION

IN PREPARING this collection of verse for publication, I have had two purposes: first, to make an interesting book—the ancient and ever-living purpose of all makers of good literature—and second, to give to all who may desire it a volume of poems that sing and celebrate the traditions, the life, and the natural beauty of one of the greatest commonwealths in the union. The romance and hardship, the gayety and the heroism of the days of the padres and the later pioneers, the adventurous dash and flare of the 'forty-niners, the rich, golden health and prosperity of all the days that have followed the pioneer period—all these things are most vivid and colorful history and tradition and have had no small part in creating for Californians that heritage of naïve and fierce affection—belligerent devotion to their commonwealth and its life and customs—by which they are known and with which they startle the quieter and cooler hearts of men and women of more staid and sober states. All of these things have inspired California poets and visiting poets, as readers of the following pages will know. But, most of all, I think, the poets love California for that unique natural beauty often obscured rather than suggested

by the trite and dull effusions in praise of it. Her mountain peaks chiselled singly, clean and hard against the sky, or ranged in an august uneven line of power and beauty; her lovable foothills sloping in steep curves to the coast; her mild, sweet-scented valleys with their straitly confined orchards of almond, orange and plum, with their crisp fields of barley stubble in summertime and their riot of wild mustard in the spring; her winding trails leading always into El Camino Real or into the desert beyond the mountains; her gusty distances of desert or sea shore; her forests born before Christ; her hundreds of species of wild birds; her tawny summers and green winters; her sharp, exquisite lights and shadows and keen colors — these things no poet, no lover of beauty can forget. Nowhere else can one climb higher or plumb deeper the depths and heights of varied beauty.

Many songs of many singers bear witness to this beauty. A large anthology could be made of the poems that have been written about one flower — the *escholtzia*, or California poppy. It is the duty of the anthologist to choose the coins of best metal, best minted in this treasury of verbal expression. And that is what I have tried to do. Critics are certain to tell me that I have left out many poems just as good as many that I have included, and they will be telling the truth. George Sterling has written

many poems as good as those that I have chosen, but I could not choose them all. Other critics are sure to blame me for including poems with imperfections or poems of a type and kind not to their taste. If I might gently disarm such criticism I would say, first of all, that poems with imperfections, like people with imperfections, are not necessarily valueless. As we know few perfect human beings, we know few perfect poems. And just as it sometimes happens that the man or woman with no vices is a man or woman with no aggressive virtues, so it sometimes happens that poems with faults and flaws are so vigorously and sincerely written as to be superior to creations more artificial and correct. Such poems—and there are quite a number of them—are included in this book because they seem to me to give the real zest and flavor of the scene or event described, in spite of their faults, of course, and not because of them. It seems fair, also, to tell critics and others who may be interested, that I have tried not to be governed overmuch by personal taste in the making of this book. All anthologists are tempted to be autocratic. But this is the day of democracy. I have included in this book two or three poems—I shall never tell which—that I, myself, can not read without acute mental suffering. Let me tell why.

One evening, while I was deliberating about one

poem which I dislike, but which has been exceedingly popular, I entered the public library in New York City. And while I was standing at the desk, awaiting my turn to ask for much needed information, a quiet, plainly dressed, little woman with tired eyes turned to the attendant at the desk and asked for the very poem I had in mind. "I want to get it and copy it for my sister," she said, "and I don't know what book to find it in and I have looked and looked I read it a long time ago and never forgot it." (The attendant was young and had never heard of the poem.) I told her that I would find it for her and I did. Very gratefully she thanked me. Then I said, "Do you like that poem very much?" "Oh, yes; yes, indeed," she said humbly; "it is a great poem—a very great poem." When I left her I copied it and put it with those for this book.

Perhaps a few readers will be surprised to find in this book poems by poets who have only visited on the coast. In answer I can only say that I have felt that in a sense California belongs to us all—not only to the native sons and daughters, but to the many who have been refreshed and strengthened and healed by sojourning there. And I have felt, also, that all the poems inspired by California belong to California and may rightly be used in a book of this kind. But whenever it has been possible I have given the preference to poems by western poets who

have made their reputations in the West or who are now living there and definitely associated with the West.

The first poem in the book is one of the old folksongs of the days of the padres, a dialogue folksong with much of the naïve spirit of childhood and play in it. It was always sung in Spanish in the early days but has recently been translated into English by Eleanor Hague, who learned it from Mrs. Francisca de la Guerra Dibblee of Santa Barbara, and has included it with a number of other Spanish California folksongs in a book which will soon be published by The Folklore Society. The second poem, "The Song," is taken from a long poem called "Juanita," written by Lauren E. Crane in the very early days of California literature and published in one of the early numbers of the *Overland Monthly*. It deserves especial mention, for it is most gracefully written with every appearance of spontaneity, and yet keeps true to a complicated rhyme scheme that would tax the skill of any poet. The three long lines in each stanza are thrice rhymed, having two internal rhymes and one end rhyme each. This is surely one of the cleverest and most effective rhymed lyrics ever written by an American, for the art disguises itself and the poem loses no warmth and charm, and gains melody from the rhyming. I saw it first in that helpful book by Ella Sterling

Cummins (Mrs. Mighels), *The Story of the Files*, to which book I recommend all readers who wish to know more of many poets whose work is found in these pages. The third poem, "The Days of 'Forty-nine," is an old folk ballad of the days of the gold rush, and no California anthology is complete without it. Nobody knows who wrote it, and several versions are extant, but, in so far as I know, all have the same chorus,

For the Days of Old, the Days of Gold
And the Days of 'Forty-nine.

The other poems included in the collection seem to me to require no comment. Suffice it to say that I have tried to represent all types and kinds of poetry that have been written in the state by at least one selection.

The matter of classification has been very difficult, for almost all of the poems included in the book have been written since 1870 and almost all of the poets have lived in the day and generation that we know or that was known to our mothers and fathers, and are therefore contemporaries. Therefore I have decided to name in a group together those poets whose reputations are national and international, Joaquin Miller, Ina Coolbrith, Edwin Markham and the others called "Voices of the Great Singers"; and to classify the others in two groups—"Pioneer

Voices"—those whose singing is done or whose work belongs to the period that prepared the way for the great singers—and "Living Voices"—those who are still singing or whose work by its type and kind belongs to today. I very much regret that it is impossible to include in this volume any poems by Ambrose Bierce, who should be one of the "Pioneer Voices." He was—or is—the pioneer literary critic of the coast, the first to insist on the intellectual values in literature as opposed to the purely sentimental values, and he has done much to influence the younger Californians of today and even the great singers. I can best describe him in the words of Bailey Millard, himself a clever California critic. Writing in the *Bookman*, Mr. Millard says of Ambrose Bierce: "He revered nobody's opinion but his own, and in this idea he was upheld by a flattering literary coterie who acknowledged him as master. These constituted an esoteric cult whose adulation Bierce accepted as a matter of course. They laid their literary work before him, rejoiced in his praise, however stinted, and received his harshest criticism without a murmur. . . . For technically his pen-craft was of the purest, as is shown on nearly every page. He prided himself on being ruled wholly by intellect, never by emotion."

Robert Cameron Rogers is classified with "Living Voices," although he died several years ago. He

belonged rather more to the present generation than to the pioneers, and would not be a very old man if he were living today.

Special attention should be called to the fact that five poems included in this volume are taken from *The Stanford Book of Verse*, a college anthology of unusual merit published last year by The English Club of Stanford University. They are the poems by Marjorie Charles Driscoll, Dare Stark, Maxwell Anderson, James Leo Duff, and Geroid Robinson.

Many poems have been taken from the files of the *Overland Monthly*, a magazine with a glorious history and many great names to its credit. Many others have been printed for the first time in *Sunset*, which is now the best known of western magazines. Others—several of the most finished and craftsmanlike poems—have been taken from that bright little magazine edited by Gelett Burgess and called the *Lark*, one of the gayest and wittiest of American magazines and of great reputation, although its history was only two years long. In that magazine Gelett Burgess made the “purple cow” famous. A number of excellent poems also have been printed for the first time in the *Los Angeles Graphic*, which, under the editorship of Samuel Travers Clover, was the best literary periodical in the Southwest for several years. And *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, although it is published in Chicago, has pub-

lished some of the best poems about California included in the section called "Living Voices." Other periodicals and publishers will find that I have given them due credit for poems used from their files in the pages directly following.

It remains only to thank those who have read this introduction for the interest which has carried them thus far and to hope that they may find pleasure in the reading of the pages that are to follow. This book is not the only California Anthology. Readers who are interested in the literature of the Golden State will wish to read also the collections of verse compiled by Oscar Schuck, Edmond Russell, and Augustin Macdonald. They will find poems in those books which I have not included in mine. And they will find poems in mine which are not in the others. To their kindly attention and interest I commend this collection of representative California poems.

MARGUERITE WILKINSON.

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Pioneer Voices



O BLANCA VIRGEN A TU VENTANA!

(A folksong of the days of the padres, translated by Eleanor Hague from the Spanish as sung by Francisca de la Guerra Dibblee of Santa Barbara)

He. O fairest maiden, approach thy window!
Come to thy railing and turn thy ear,
While gentle breezes waft of my singing
The eternal echoes of thee to hear!

She. Vain are these murmurs of all thy singing;
The eternal echoes stir not my heart.
A nest my heart is, of love and rapture;
I live in a heaven, I live in a heaven of love
apart.

He. Then to an eagle my life I'll alter,
Up to thy heaven swift I shall fly.

She. Then to a fish of the sea I'll change me,
Hidden beneath the waves I'll lie.

He. Within the ocean, I'll quickly seek thee,
The waves will help me to find thee there.

She. Then to a bird I'll turn my being,
My flight shall take me, my flight shall take
me from flower to flower.

She. A live oak I'll be amid the boulders.

He. As clinging ivy I'll clasp thee near.

She. As a nun, hood and cowl I'll be wearing.

He. Sainly confessor, thy voice I'll hear.

She. Through convent portal, if thou shouldst
enter,
Dead thou wilt find me among the flowers.

He. Among the flowers, if dead I find thee,
To earth I'll turn me, to earth I'll turn me, and
mine thou'lt be.

THE SONG

(From "Juanita")

TO-NIGHT the stars are flowing gold;
The light South wind is blowing cold,

Esta es mi lucha?

The bright, bent moon is growing old,

Escucha!

Now test thy pride, and fearless prove,
Now blest — my bride — my peerless dove,

Juanita,

Come rest beside me here, sweet love,

Eres bendita!

Through tall and silent trees there seems
To fall the promise of fair dreams.

Querida!

How all the starry white air gleams.

Mi vida!

What dream, Juanita — fancied bliss —
Could seem so sweet a trance as this?

Dulcura,

Or beam warm as thy glance or kiss?

Alma pura!

What bliss to hold my fairy prize,
One kiss! yon star-gold, wary eyes,

Que gloria!

Saw this in far-old Paradise,

Memoria!

But Eden held no face like thine;
Nor creed in perfect grace like mine.

Que pascion!

To read thy tender ways divine

Es mi adoracion!

'Adieu! I linger here too long;
For you my fingers sweep too strong.

Que Diosa!

Be true to singer and to song!

Adios! Hermosa!

Lauren E. Crane.

“THE DAYS OF 'FORTY-NINE”

You are looking now on old Tom Moore,
A relic of bygone days;
A bummer, too, they call me now,
But what care I for praise?
For my heart is filled with the days of yore,
And oft I do repine,

For the Days of Old, and the Days of Gold
And the Days of 'Forty-nine.

Refrain.

Oh, my heart is filled with the days of yore
And oft do I repine
For the Days of Old, the Days of Gold,
And the Days of 'Forty-nine.

I had comrades then who loved me well,
A jovial saucy crew:
There were some hard cases I must confess,
But they all were brave and true;
Who would never flinch, whate'er the pinch,
Who never would fret nor whine,
But like good old bricks they stood the kicks
In the Days of 'Forty-nine.

Refrain.

Oh, my heart is filled with the days of yore, etc.

There was Monte Pete — I'll ne'er forget
The luck he always had.
He would deal for you both day and night,
So long as you had a scad.
He would play you Draw, he would Ante sling,
He would go you a hatful blind —

But in a game with Death Pete lost his breath
In the Days of 'Forty-nine.

Refrain.

Oh, my heart is filled with the days of yore, etc.

There was New York Jake a butcher boy,
That was always a-getting tight;
Whenever Jake got on a spree,
He was spoiling for a fight.
One day he ran against a knife
In the hands of old Bob Cline—
So over Jake we held a wake
In the Days of 'Forty-nine.

Refrain.

Oh, my heart is filled with the days of yore, etc.

There was Rackensack Jim, who could outroar
A buffalo bull, you bet!
He would roar all night, he would roar all day,
And I b'lieve he's a-roaring yet!
One night he fell in a prospect hole—
'Twas a roaring bad design—
For in that hole he roared out his soul
In the Days of 'Forty-nine.

Refrain.

Oh, my heart is filled with the days of yore, etc.

There was poor lame Ches, a hard old case
Who never did repent.
Ches never missed a single meal,
Nor he never paid a cent.
But poor lame Ches, like all the rest,
Did to Death at last resign,
For all in his bloom he went up the flume
In the Days of 'Forty-nine.

Refrain.

Oh, my heart is filled with the days of yore, etc.

'And now my comrades all are gone,
Not one remains to toast;
They have left me here in my misery,
Like some poor wandering ghost.
'And as I go from place to place,
Folks call me a "Travelling Sign,"
Saying "There goes Tom Moore, a bummer, sure,
From the Days of 'Forty-nine."

Refrain.

Oh, my heart is filled with the days of yore,
And oft do I repine
For the Days of Old, the Days of Gold,
And the Days of 'Forty-nine.

Author Unknown.

A BALLAD OF THE GOLD COUNTRY

DEEP in the hill the gold sand burned ;
The brook ran yellow with its gleams ;
Close by, the seekers slept, and turned
And tossed in restless dreams.

At dawn they waked. In friendly cheer
Their dreams they told, by one, by one ;
'And each man laughed the dreams to hear,
But sighed when they were done.

Visions of golden birds that flew,
Of golden cloth piled fold on fold,
Of rain which shone and filtered through
The air in showers of gold ;

Visions of golden bells that rang,
Of golden chariots that rolled,
Visions of girls that danced and sang,
With hair and robes of gold ;

Visions of golden stairs that led
Down golden shafts of depths untold,
Visions of golden skies that shed
Gold light on seas of gold.

“Comrades, your dreams have many shapes,”
Said one who, thoughtful, sat apart:
“But I six nights have dreamed of grapes,
One dream which fills my heart.

“A woman meets me crowned with vine;
Great purple clusters fill her hands;
Her eyes divinely smile and shine,
As beckoning she stands.

“I follow her a single pace;
She vanishes, like light or sound,
And leaves me in a vine-walled place,
Where grapes pile all the ground.”

The comrades laughed: “We know thee by
This fevered, drunken dream of thine.”
“Ha, ha,” cried he, “never have I
So much as tasted wine!

“Now follow ye your luring shapes
Of gold that climbs and gold that shines;
I shall await my maid of grapes,
And plant her trees and vines.”

All through the hills the gold sand burned;
All through the lands ran yellow streams
To right, to left, the seekers turned,
Led by the yellow gleams.

The ruddy hills were gulfed and strained;
The rocky fields were torn and trenched;
The yellow streams were drained and drained,
Until their sources quenched.

The gold came fast; the gold came free;
The seekers shouted as they ran,
“Now let us turn aside and see
How fares that husbandman!”

“No mine as yet, my friends, to sell;
No bride to show,” he smiling said:
“But here is water from my well,
And here is wheaten bread.”

“Is this thy tale?” they jeering cried;
“Who was it followed luring shapes?
And who has won? It seems she lied,
The maid of purple grapes!”

“When years have counted up to ten,”
He answered gaily, smiling still,
“Come back once more, my merry men,
And you shall have your fill

“Of purple grapes and sparkling wine,
And figs and nectarines like flames,
And sweeter eyes than maid’s shall shine
In welcome at your names.”

In scorn they heard; to scorn they laughed
The water and the wheaten bread;
“We’ll wait until a better draught
For thy bride’s health,” they said.

.
The years ran fast. The seekers went
All up, all down the golden lands:
The streams grew pale; the hills were spent;
Slow ran the golden sands.

And men were beggars in a day,
For swift to come was swift to go;
What chance had got chance flung away
On one more chance’s throw.

And bleached and seamed and riven plains,
And tossed and tortured rocks like ghosts,
And blackened lines and charred remains,
And crumbling chimney posts,

For leagues their ghastly records spread
Of youth and years and fortunes gone,
Like graveyards whose sad, living dead
Had hopeless journeyed on.

.
The years had counted up to ten:
One night, as it grew chill and late,
The husbandman marked beggarmen
Who leaned upon his gate.

“Ho here! good men,” he eager cried,
 Before the wayfarers could speak;
“This is my vineyard. Far and wide
 For laborers I seek.

“This year has doubled on last year;
 The fruit breaks down my vines and trees;
Tarry and help till wine runs clear,
 And ask what price you please.”

Purple and red, to left, to right,
 For miles the gorgeous vintage blazed;
And all day long and into night
 The vintage song was raised.

And wine ran free all thirst beyond,
 And no hand stinted bread or meat;
And maids were gay and men were fond,
 And hours were swift and sweet.

The beggarmen they worked with will;
 Their hands were thin, and lithe, and strong;
Each day they ate two good days' fill,
 They had been starved so long.

The vintage drew to end. New wine
 From thousand casks was dripping slow,
And bare and yellow fields gave sign
 For vintagers to go.

The beggarmen received their pay,
Bright, yellow gold,—twice their demand;
The master, as they turned away,
Held out his brawny hand,

And said: “Good men, this time next year
My vintage will be bigger still;
Come back, if chance should bring you near,
And it should suit your will.”

The beggars nodded. But at night
They said: “No more we go that way;
He did not know us then; he might
Upon another day!”

Helen Hunt Jackson.

MY NEW YEAR'S GUESTS

(Midnight, December 31, 1881, in Virginia City. On the wall photographs of five hundred California pioneers)

THE winds come cold from the Southward, with
incense of fir and pine,

And the flying clouds grow darker as they halt and
fall in line.

The valleys that reach the deserts, the mountains
that greet the clouds,

Lie bare in the arms of Winter, which the gathering night enshrouds.

The leafless sage on the hillside, the willows low down the stream,

And the sentry rocks above us have faded all as a dream.

And the fall of the stamp grows fainter, the voices of night sing low,

And spelled from labor the miner toils through the drifting snow.

As I sit alone in my chamber, this last of the dying year,

Dim shades of the past surround me, and faint through the storm I hear

Old tales of the castles builded under shelving rock and pine,

Of the bearded men and stalwart, I greeted in 'forty-nine:

The giants with hopes audacious, the giants with iron limb,

The giants who journeyed Westward, when the trails were new and dim:

The giants who felled the forests, made pathways over the snows,

And planted the vine and fig-tree where the manzanita grows;

Who swept down the mountain gorges, and painted the endless night

With their cabins rudely fashioned, and their camp
fires' ruddy light;
Who builded great towns and cities, who swung
back the Golden Gate,
And hewed from a mighty ashlar the form of a
sovereign state;
Who came like a flood of waters to a thirsty desert
plain
And where there had been no reapers grew valleys
of golden grain.
Nor wonder that this strange music sweeps in from
the silent past,
And comes with the storm this evening and blends
into strains with the blast;
Nor wonder that through the darkness should enter
a spectral throng,
And gather around my table with the old time smile
and song;
For there on the wall before me, in a frame of gilt
and brown,
With a chain of years suspended, old faces are
looking down;
Five hundred all grouped together — five hundred
old Pioneers —
Now list as I raise the taper and trace the steps of
the years;
Behold this face near the center; we met ere his
locks were gray,

His purse like his heart was open; he struggles for
bread today.

To this one the fates were cruel, but he bore his
burden well,

And the willow bends in sorrow by the wayside
where he fell.

Great losses and grief crazed this one; great riches
turned this one's head;

And a faithless wife wrecked this one — he lives but
were better dead.

Now closer the light on this face; 'twas wrinkled
when we were young;

His touch drew our footsteps Westward, his name
was on every tongue.

Rich was he in land and kindness, but the human
deluge came,

And left him at last with nothing, but death and
deathless fame.

'Twas a kindly hand that grouped them, these faces
of other years;

The rich and the poor together,— the hopes and the
smiles and tears

Of some of the fearless hundreds who went like the
knights of old,

The banner of empire bearing to the land of blue
and gold.

For years have I watched these shadows, as others
I know have done,

As death touched their lips with silence, I have
 draped them one by one,
Till, seen where the dark-plumed angel has mingled
 here and there,
The brows I have flecked with sable cloud, the living
 everywhere.
Darker and darker and darker these shadows will
 yearly grow
'As changing the seasons bring us the bud and the
 falling snow;
'And soon—let me not invoke it!—the final prayer
 will be said,
'And strangers will write the record, “the last of
 the group is dead.”
And then—but why stand here gazing? 'A' gather-
 ing storm in my eyes
Is mocking the weeping tempest that billows the
 midnight skies;
'And, stranger still, is it fancy?—Are my senses
 dazed and weak?
The shadowy lips are moving as if they would ope
 and speak,
And I seem to hear low whispers, and catch the
 echo of strains
That rose from the golden gulches, and followed the
 moving trains,
'The scent of the sage and desert, the path on the
 rocky height,

The shallow graves by the roadside, all, all have
 come back tonight;
And the mildewed years, like stubble, I trample
 under my feet;
And drink again at the fountain when the wine of
 life was sweet;
And I stand once more exalted, where the white
 pine frets the skies
And dream in the winding canyon where early the
 twilight dies.
Now the eyes look down in sadness, the pulse of
 the year beats low;
The storm has been awed to silence; the muffled
 hands of the snow,
Like the noiseless feet of mourners, are spreading
 a pallid sheet
O'er the heart of dead December, and glazing the
 shroud with sleet.
Hark! the bells are chiming midnight, the storm
 bends its listening ear,
While the moon looks through the cloud rifts and
 blesses the new-born year.
Bar closely the curtained windows, shut the light
 from every pane,
While free from the worldly intrusion and curious
 eyes profane
I take from its leathern casket a dented old cup of
 tin,

More precious to me than silver, and blessing the
draught within,
I drink alone and in silence to the "Builders of the
West"—
"Long life to the hearts still beating, and peace
to the hearts at rest!"

Rollin M. Daggett.

EVENING

THE air is chill, and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate;
Phantom fleets they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea;
Their shadowy spars and misted sails,
Unshattered, have weathered a thousand gales;
Slow wheeling, lo! in squadrons gray,
They part, and hasten along the bay;
Where the hills of Saucelito swell,
Many in gloom may shelter well,
And others—behold—unchallenged pass
By the silent guns of Alcatraz:
No greetings of thunder and flame exchange
The armed isle and the cruisers strange.
Their meteor flags, so widely blown,
Were blazoned in a land unknown;

So charmed from war or wind or tide,
Along the quiet wave they glide.

What bear these ships? — what news, what freight
Do they bring us through the Golden Gate?
Sad echoes to words in gladness spoken,
And withered hopes to the poor heart-broken.
Oh, how many a venture we
Have rashly sent to the shoreless sea!
How many an hour have you and I,
Sweet friend, in sadness seen go by,
While our eager, longing thoughts were roving
Over the waste for something loving
Something rich and chaste and kind,
To brighten and bless a lonely mind;
And only waited to behold
Ambition's gems, affection's gold,
Return as "remorse," and "a broken vow"
In such ships of mist as I see now.

The air is chill and the day grows late
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,
Freighted with sorrow, heavy with woe; —
But these shapes that cluster dark and low
Tomorrow shall be all a-glow!
In the blaze of the coming morn these mists,
Whose weight my heart in vain resists,
Will brighten, and shine and soar to heaven,

In thin white robes like souls forgiven;
For Heaven is kind, and everything,
As well as a winter, has a spring.
So praise to God! Who brings the day
That shines our regrets and fears away;
For the blessed morn I can watch and wait,
While the clouds come in through the Golden Gate.

Edward Pollock.

INDIRECTION

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but their subtle
suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that
clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that pre-
cedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-
mastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth
the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the
flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger
than he did enfold him,
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer
hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted
and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor
is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of
feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns
the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is
symboled is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward
creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the
gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that received thrill the sensitive
nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by
the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the
heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver and up
from the heights where those shine
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the
essence of life is divine.

Richard Realf.

EL CANELO

Now saddle El Canelo! the freshening wind of
morn,
Down in the flowery vega, is stirring through the
corn;
The thin smoke of the ranches grows red with com-
ing day
And the steed is fiercely stamping, in haste to be
away.

My glossy-limbed Canelo, thy neck is curved in
pride,
Thy slender ears pricked forward, thy nostrils
straining wide;
And as thy quick neigh greets me and I catch thee
by the mane,
I'm off with the winds of morning,—the chieftain
of the plain!

I feel the swift air whirring and see along our track,
From the flinty-paved sierra, the sparks go stream-
ing back;
And I clutch my rifle closer as we sweep the dark
defile,
Where the red guerillas ambush for many a lonely
mile.

They reach not El Canelo; with the swiftness of a
dream

We've passed the bleak Nevada, and San Fernan-
do's stream;

But where, on sweeping gallop, my bullet backward
sped,

The keen-eyed mountain vultures will wheel above
the dead.

On! on, my brave Canelo! we've dashed the sand
and snow

From peaks upholding heaven, from deserts far
below,—

We've thundered through the forest, while the crack-
ling branches rang,

And trooping elks, affrighted, from lair and covert
sprang.

We've swum the swollen torrent— we've distanced
in the race

The baying wolves of Pinos, that panted with the
chase;

And still thy mane streams backward at every thrill-
ing bound,

And still thy treasured hoof-stroke beats with its
morning sound.

The seaward winds are wailing through Santa
Barbara's pines,

And like a sheathless sabre, the far Pacific shines;
Hold to thy speed, my arrow, at nightfall thou shalt
 lave
Thy hot and smoking haunches beneath its silver
 wave.

My head upon thy shoulder along the sloping sand,
We'll sleep as trusty brothers, from out the moun-
 tain land;
The pines will sound in answer to the surges on
 the shore,
And in our dreams, Canelo, we'll make the journey
 o'er. *Bayard Taylor.*

EL VAQUERO

TINGED with the blood of Aztec lands,
Sphinx-like the tawny herdsman stands,
'A coiled *reata* in his hands.
Devoid of hope, devoid of fear,
Half brigand and half cavalier,
This Helot, with imperial grace,
Wears ever on his tawny face
 A sad, defiant look of pain.
Left by the fierce iconoclast
'A living fragment of the past,—
 Greek of the Greeks he must remain.
Lucius Harwood Foote.

Voices of the Great Singers



CALIFORNIA

Was it the sigh and shiver of the leaves?
Was it the murmur of the meadow brook,
That in and out the reeds and water weeds
Slipped silverly, and on their tremulous keys
Uttered her many melodies? Or voice
Of the far sea, red with the sunset gold,
That sang within her shining shores, and sang
Within the Gate, that in the sunset shone
A gate of fire against the outer world?

For ever as I turned the magic page
Of that old song the old, blind singer sang
Unto the world when it and song were young—
The ripple of the reeds, or odorous,
Soft sigh of leaves or voice of the far sea—
'A' mystical, low murmur, tremulous
Upon the wind, came in the musk of rose,
The salt breath of the waves, and far, faint smell
Of laurel up the slopes of Tamalpais.

“Am I less fair, am I less fair than these,
Daughter of far-off seas?
Daughter of far-off shores—bleak over-blown

With foam of fretful tides, with wail and moan
Of waves that toss wild hands, that clasp and beat
Wild desolate hands above the lonely sands,
Printed no more with pressure of their feet:
That chase no more the light feet flying swift
Up golden sands, nor lift
Foam fingers white unto their garments' hem,
And flowing hair of them.

“For these are dead: the fair, great queens are
dead,
The long hair's gold a dust the wind bloweth
Wherever it may list;
The curved lips, that kissed
Heroes and kings of men, a dust that breath,
Nor speech, nor laughter, ever quickeneth;
And all the glory sped
From the large, marvellous eyes, the light whereof
Wrought wonder in their hearts—desire and love!
And wrought not any good:
But strife, and curses of the gods, and flood,
And fire and battle-death!
Am I less fair, less fair,
Because that my hands bear
Neither a sword, nor any flaming brand
To blacken and make desolate my land,
And on my brows are leaves of olive boughs,
And in mine arms a dove?

“Sea-born and goddess, blossom of the foam,
Pale Aphrodite, shadowy as a mist
Not any sun hath kissed!
Tawny of limb I roam,
The dusk of forests dark within my hair;
The far Yosemite,
For garment and for covering of me,
Wove the white foam and mist,
The amber and the rose and amethyst
Of her wild fountains shaken loose in air.
And I am of the hills and of the sea,
Strong with the strength of my great hills, and calm
With calm of the fair sea, whose billowy gold
Girdles the land whose queen and love I am!
Lo! am I less than thou,
That with a sound of lyres and harp-playing,
Not any voice doth sing
The beauty of mine eyelids and my breast
Nor hymn in all my fair and gracious ways,
And lengths of golden days,
The measure and the music of my praise?

“Ah, what indeed is this
Old land beyond the seas, that ye should miss
For her the grace and majesty of mine?
Are not the fruit and vine
Fair on my hills, and in my vales the rose?
The palm-tree and the pine

Strike hands together under the same skies
In every wind that blows.
What clearer heavens can shine
Above the land whereon the shadow lies
Of her dead glory and her slaughtered kings
And lost, vanished gods?
Upon my fresh green sods
No king has walked to curse and desolate:
But in the valley Freedom sits and sings,
And on the heights above;
Upon her brows the leaves of olive boughs,
And in her arms a dove;
And the great hills are pure, undesecrate,
White with their snows untrod!
And mighty with the presence of their God!

“Hearken, how many years
I sat alone, I sat alone and heard
Only the silence stirred
By wind and leaf, by clash of grassy spears,
And singing bird that called to singing bird,
Heard but the savage tongue
Of my brown, savage children, that among
The hills and valleys chased the buck and doe,
And round the wigwam fires
Chanted wild songs of their wild savage sires,
And danced their wild weird dances to and fro,
And wrought their beaded robes of buffalo.

Day following upon day,
Saw but the panther crouched upon the limb,
Smooth serpents, swift and slim,
Slip through the reeds and grasses, and the bear
Crush through his tangled lair
Of chaparral upon the startled prey!

“Listen, how I have seen
Flash of strange fires in gorge and black ravine;
Heard the sharp clang of steel, that came to drain
The mountain’s golden vein—
And laughed and sang, and sang and laughed again,
Because that ‘Now,’ I said, ‘I shall be known!
I shall not sit alone;
But reach my hands unto my sister lands!
And they, will they not turn
Old, wondering dim eyes to me, and yearn—
Aye, they will yearn, in sooth,
To my glad beauty and my glad, fresh youth!’

“What matters though the morn
Redden upon my singing fields of corn!
What matters though the wind’s unresting feet
Ripple the golden wheat,
And my vales run with wine,
And on these hills of mine
The orchard boughs droop heavy with ripe fruit?
When with nor song of lute

Nor lyre, doth any singer chant and sing
 Me, in my life's fair spring:
 The matin song of me in my young day?
 But all my lays and legends fade away
 From lake and mountain to the farther hem
 Of sea, and there be none to gather them.

“Lo! I have waited long!
 How longer yet must my strung harp be dumb
 Ere its great master come?
 Till the fair singer comes to wake the strong,
 Rapt chords of it unto the new, glad song!
 Him a diviner speech
 My song birds wait to teach:
 The secrets of the field
 My blossoms will not yield
 To other hands than his;
 And lingering for this,
 My laurels lend the glory of their boughs
 To crown no narrower brows.
 For on his lips must wisdom sit with youth;
 And in his eyes, and on the lids thereof,
 The light of a great love —
 And on his forehead, truth!”

Was it the wind, or the soft sigh of leaves,
 Or sound of singing waters? So, I looked,
 And saw the silvery ripples of the brook,

The fruit upon the hills, the waving trees,
The mellow fields of harvest; saw the Gate
Burn in the sunset: the thin thread of mist,
Creep white across the Saucelito hills;
Till the day darkened down the ocean rim,
The sunset purple slipped from Tamalpais,
And bay and sky were bright with sudden stars!

Ina Coolbrith.

WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME

WHEN the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot where I am lying,—
When not any wind that blows,
Summer-blooms nor winter-snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing:
Close above me as you pass,
You will say, "How kind she was,"
You will say, "How true she was,"
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom,—
While I laugh, or weep, or sing,
Nevermore for anything,
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet, small voices odorous,
Tender pleaders in my cause,

That shall speak me as I was—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, beloved, in my sorrow
Very patient, I can wait,
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow:
When your heart will moan: "Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was"—
When the grass grows over me!

Ina Coolbrith.

THE ANGELUS

(Heard at the Mission Dolores in San Francisco, 1868)

BELLS of the past, whose long forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the present
With color of romance!

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past,—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream, and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting,
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old,—
O tinkling bells! that thrilled with twilight music
The spiritual fold.

Your voices break and falter in the darkness,—
Break, falter, and are still;

And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

Bret Harte.

THE REVEILLE

HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick-alarms drum,—
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick-alarms
ing drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days are done?"
But the drum
Echoed: "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the sol-
emn-sounding drum.

"But when won, the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,

Even greater ills become?"

But the drum

Answered, "Come,

You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-
answering drum.

"What, if 'mid the cannon's thunder,

Whistling shot and bursting bomb,

When my brothers fall around me,

Should my heart grow cold and numb?"

But the drum

Answered, "Come!

Better there in death united than in life a recreant,—
Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,

Some in faith, and doubting some—

Till a triumph-voice proclaiming,

Said: "My chosen people, come!"

Then the drum

Lo! was dumb;

For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, an-
swered, "Lord, we come!"

Bret Harte.

WHAT THE BULLET SANG

O joy of creation,
To be!

O rapture, to fly
And be free!

Be the battle lost or won,
Though its smoke shall hide the sun,
I shall find my love — the one
Born for me!

I shall know him where he stands
All alone,

With the power in his hands
Not o'erthrown;

I shall know him by his face,
By his godlike front and grace;
I shall hold him for a space
All my own!

It is he — O my love!
So bold!

It is I — all thy love
Foretold!

It is I — O love, what bliss!
Dost thou answer to my kiss?

O sweetheart! what is this
Lieth there so cold?

Bret Harte.

BELLS OF SAN GABRIEL

THINE was the corn and the wine,
The blood of the grape that nourished;
The blossom and fruit of the vine
That was heralded far away.
These were thy gifts; and thine,
When the vine and the fig-tree flourished,
The promise of peace and of glad increase
Forever and ever and aye.
What then wert thou, and what art now?
Answer me, O, I pray!

And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Oil of the olive was thine;
Flood of the wine-press flowing;
Blood o' the Christ was the wine—
Blood o' the Lamb that was slain.
Thy gifts were fat o' the kine
Forever coming and going
Over the hills, the thousand hills,
Their lowing a soft refrain.
What then wert thou, and what art now?
Answer me, once again!

And every note of every bell
 Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
 In the tower that is left the tale to tell
 Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Seed o' the corn was thine—
 Body of Him thus broken
 'And mingled with blood o' the vine—
 The bread and the wine of life;
 Out of the good sunshine
 They were given to thee as a token—
 The body of Him, and the blood of Him,
 When the gifts of God were rife.
 What then wert thou, and what art now,
 After the weary strife?

And every note of every bell
 Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
 In the tower that is left the tale to tell
 Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Where are they now, O bells?
 Where are the fruits o' the Mission?
 Garnered, where no one dwells
 Shepherd and floek are fled.
 O'er the Lord's vineyard swells
 The tide that with fell perdition

Sounded their doom and fashioned their tomb
And buried them with the dead.

What then wert thou, and what art now?—
The answer is still unsaid.

And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Where are they now, O tower!
The locusts and wild honey?
Where is the sacred dower
That the bride of Christ was given?
Gone to the builders of power,
The misers and minters of money;
Gone for the greed that is their creed—
And these in the land have thriven.
What then wert thou, and what art now,
And wherefore hast thou striven?

And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

IN THE STATES

WITH half a heart I wander here
 As from an age gone by,
 A brother — yet though young in years,
 An elder brother, I.

You speak another tongue than mine,
 Though both were English born.
 I toward the night of time decline,
 You mount into the morn.

Youth shall grow great and strong and free,
 But age must still decay:
 Tomorrow for the States — for me,
 England and Yesterday.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

IN YOSEMITE VALLEY*

SOUND! sound! sound!
 O colossal walls as crown'd
 In one eternal thunder!
 Sound! sound! sound!

*Permission to use the poems by Joaquin Miller secured from The Harr Wagner Publishing Co., San Francisco, California, publishers of Joaquin Miller's complete works.

O ye oceans overhead,
While we walk, subdued in wonder,
In the ferns and grasses, under
And beside the swift Merced!

Fret! fret! fret!
Streaming, sounding banners, set
On the giant granite castles
In the clouds and in the snow!
But the foe he comes not yet,—
We are loyal, valiant vassals,
And we touch the trailing tassels
Of the banners far below.

Surge! surge! surge!
From the white sierra's verge,
To the very valley blossom.
Surge! surge! surge!
Yet the song bird builds a home,
And the mossy branches cross them,
And the tasseled tree-tops toss them,
In the clouds of falling foam.

Sweep! sweep! sweep!
O ye heaven-born and deep
In one dread, unbroken chorus!
We may wonder or may weep,—

We may wait on God before us;
 We may shout or lift a hand,—
 We may bow down or deplore us,
 But may never understand.

Beat! beat! beat!
 We advance but would retreat
 From this restless, broken breast
 Of the earth in a convulsion.
 We would rest, but dare not rest,
 For the angel of expulsion
 From this Paradise below
 Waves us onward and — we go.

Joaquin Miller.

LYRICS

(Written in London in 1871)

COME to my sun land! Come with me
 To the land I love; where the sun and sea
 Are wed forever: where palm and pine
 Are filled with singers; where tree and vine
 Are voiced with prophets! O come, and you
 Shall sing a song with the seas that swirl
 And kiss their hands to the cold white girl,
 To the maiden moon in her mantle of blue.

Joaquin Miller.

Room! Room to turn round in, to breathe and be
free,

And to grow to be giant, to sail as at sea
With the speed of the wind on a steed with his mane
To the wind, without pathway, or route, or a rein.
Room! Room to be free where the white-bordered
sea

Blows a kiss to a brother as boundless as he;
And to east and to west, to the north and the sun,
Blue skies and brown grasses are welded as one,
And the buffalo come like a cloud on the plain,
Pouring on like the tide of a storm-driven main,
And the lodge of the hunter to friend or to foe
Offers rest; and unquestioned you come or you go.
My plains of America! Seas of wild lands!
From a land in the seas in a raiment of foam,
That has reached to a stranger the welcome of home,
I turn to you, lean to you, lift you my hands.

Joaquin Miller.

ON 'A PICTURE OF MOUNT SHASTA'
BY KEITH*

Two craggy slopes, sheer down on either hand,
Fall to a cleft, dark and confused with pines.

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Out of their sombre shade — one gleam of light —
Escaping toward us like a hurrying child,
Half laughing, half afraid, a white brook runs.
The fancy tracks it back through the thick gloom
Of crowded trees, immense, mysterious
As monoliths of some colossal temple,
Dusky with incense, chill with endless time:
Through their dim arches chants the distant wind,
Hollow and vast, and ancient oracles
Whisper and wait to be interpreted.
Far up the gorge denser and denser grows
The forest; columns lie with writhen roots in air,
And across open glades the sunbeams slant
To touch the vanishing wing-tips of shy birds;
Till from a mist-rolled valley soar the slopes,
Blue-hazy, dense with pines to the verge of snow,
Up into cloud. Suddenly parts the cloud,
And lo! in heaven — as pure as very snow,
Uplifted like a solitary world —
A star, grown all at once distinct and clear, —
The white earth-spirit, Shasta! Calm, alone,
Silent it stands, cold in the crystal air,
White-bosomed sister of the stainless dawn,
With whom the clouds hold converse, and the storm
Rests there, and stills its tempest into snow.

Once — you remember? — we beheld that vision,
But busy days recalled us, and the whole

Fades now among my memories like a dream.
The distant thing is all incredible,
And the dim past as if it had not been.
Our world flees from us; only the one point,
The unsubstantial moment, is our own.
We are but as the dead, save that swift mote
Of conscious life. Then the great artist comes,
Commands the chariot wheels of Time to stay,
Summons the distant, as by some austere
Grand gesture of a mighty sorcerer's wand,
And our whole world again becomes our own.
So we escape the petty tyranny
Of the incessant hour; pure thought evades
Its customary bondage, and the mind
Is lifted up, watching the moon-like globe.

How should a man be eager or perturbed
Within this calm? How should he greatly care
For reparation, or redress of wrong,—
To scotch the liar, or spurn the fawning knave,
Or heed the babble of the ignoble crew?
Seest thou yon blur far up the icy slope,
Like a man's footprint? Half thy little town
Might hide there, or be buried in what seems
From yonder cliff a curl of feathery snow.
Still the far peak would keep its frozen calm,
Still at the evening on its pinnacle
Would the one tender touch of sunset dwell,

And o'er it nightlong wheel the silent stars.
 So the great globe rounds on,— mountains and vales,
 Forests, waste stretches of gaunt rock and sand,
 Shore, and the swaying ocean,— league on league;
 And blossoms open, and are sealed in frost;
 And babes are born, and men are laid to rest.
 What is this breathing atom, that his brain
 Should build or purpose aught or aught desire,
 But stand a moment in amaze and awe,
 Rapt on the wonderfulness of the world?

Edward Rowland Sill.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE*

(Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting)

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans
 Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
 The emptiness of ages in his face,
 And on his back the burden of the world.
 Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
 A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
 Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
 Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
 Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?

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Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?
Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind
 greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,

This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
 How will you ever straighten up this shape,
 Touch it again with immortality;
 Give back the upward looking and the light;
 Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
 Make right the immemorial infamies,
 Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
 How will the future reckon with this Man?
 How answer his brute question in that hour
 When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
 How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
 With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
 When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
 After the silence of the centuries?

Edwin Markham.

THE JOY OF THE HILLS*

I RIDE on the mountain tops, I ride;
 I have found my life and am satisfied.
 Onward I ride in the blowing oats,
 Checking the field-lark's rippling notes—

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Lightly I sweep
From steep to steep :
Over my head through the branches high
Come glimpses of a rushing sky ;
The tall oats brush my horse's flanks ;
Wild poppies crowd on the sunny banks ;
A bee booms out of the scented grass ;
A jay laughs with me as I pass.

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget
Life's hoard of regret—
All the terror and pain
Of the chafing chain.
Grind on, O cities, grind :
I leave you a blur behind.
I am lifted elate — the skies expand :
Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand.
Let them weary and work in their narrow
walls :
I ride with the voices of waterfalls!

I swing on as one in a dream — I swing
Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing !
The world is gone like an empty word :
My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a
bird!

Edwin Markham.

THE HEART'S RETURN *

WHEN darkened hours come crowding fast,
A thought—and all the dark is past.
For I am back a boy again,
Knee-deep in heading barley in a Mendocino glen.

I can not ever be so sad
But one thing still will make me glad—
That hid spring in the Suisun hills:
My heart keeps going back to it thru all the earthly
ills.

How often when the brood of care
Would hold me in a hopeless snare,
My soul springs winged and away,
Remembering that wild duck's nest above Benicia
bay.

Or when night finds me toiling still,
I am back again on the greening hill,
A shepherd boy at set of sun,
Folding his happy sheep and knowing all his tasks
are done.

Edwin Markham.

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THE LAST DAYS

THE russet leaves of the sycamore
Lie at last on the valley floor —
By the autumn wind swept to and fro
Like ghosts in a tale of long ago.
Shallow and clear the Carmel glides
Where the willows droop on its vine-walled sides.

The bracken rust is red on the hill;
The pines stand brooding, somber and still;
Gray are the cliffs, and the waters gray,
Where the sea-gulls dip to the sea-born spray.
Sad November, lady of rain,
Sends the goose-wedge over again.

Wilder now, for the verdure's birth,
Falls the sunlight over the earth;
Kildees call from the fields where now
The banding blackbirds follow the plow;
Rustling poplar and brittle weed
Whisper low to the river-reed.

Days departing linger and sigh:
Stars come soon to the quiet sky;
Buried voices, intimate, strange,
Cry to body and soul of change;

Beauty, eternal fugitive,
Seeks the home that we cannot give.

George Sterling.

THE VOICE OF THE DOVE

Hear I the mourning-dove,
As now the swallow floats
Low o'er the shadowed oats?
Soft as the voice of love,
Hear I her slow and supplicating notes?

O fugitive! O lone!
O burden pure and strong
That summer noons prolong!
O link in music shown
Between the silence and an angel's song!

The dulcimer and lute
Hoard not so swoonless woe.
What grief of long ago
Would now thy tones transmute
To what we sought afar and could not know?

Thy yearnings yet elude
Our quest and scrutiny,
Tho mortals echo thee
Thy moan in solitude
For dreams that are not nor shall ever be.

So broken waters hold
A voice to sorrow set —
A world's foreknown regret,
Immutable, untold.
So seas remember, tho our souls forget.
George Sterling.

THE BLACK VULTURE

Aloof upon the day's immeasured dome,
He holds unshared the silence of the sky.
Far down his bleak, relentless eyes descry
The eagle's empire and the falcon's home —
Far down, the galleons of sunset roam;
His hazards on the sea of morning lie;
Serene, he hears the broken tempest sigh
Where cold Sierras gleam like scattered foam.

And least of all he holds the human swarm —
Unwitting now that envious men prepare
To make their dream and its fulfilment one,
When, poised above the caldrons of the storm,
Their hearts, contemptuous of death, shall
dare
His roads between the thunder and the sun.
George Sterling.

Living Voices



EL DORADO: A SONG

*Largius hic campos aether, et lumine vestit
Purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.*

OH, THE fields aflame with poppies,
Buttercups and columbine!
Oh, the haze on glade and coppice,
Haunt of clematis and vine!
Slopes of green and skies propitious,
And the air a draft delicious,
One ethereal anodyne.

Oh, the sweet acacia flinging
Golden tassels to the breeze;
And the wild canaries singing
In and out the almond trees!
Spires of apricot and cherry—
Lanes of lilies—and the merry
Meadowlark upon the leas!

Oh, the purpling hills, the mountains,
Towns that hallow bight and bay,
Creeks and canyons, vales and fountains—
But to tell them is to pray!—
For their names fulfill the chorus

Of a thousand saints that o'er us
Swing their censers, night and day.

Oh, the sun, his chariot turning,
Hither wheels precipitate,
Royal bannered, westward — burning,
Glorifies the Golden Gate! —
Sinks behind the Farallones,
Where his trans-Elysian throne is,
Where he keeps nocturnal state.

Lo, the stars — a purer argent —
Furrow fields — a deeper blue!
And the city from the margin
Of the ocean leaps in view,
Climbs the hills of heaven untiring —
Lilies, poppies, flushing, firing
All the West with bloom anew.

Charles Mills Gayley.

PRESIDIO HILL

SABRE and cross on this historic crown
Began the conquest of our Western sward,
'Advancing, while they builded fort and town,
The Kingdom of the Lord.

The whale calved, then, in San Diego Bay,
And in the kelp beds off the Loman shore,
The otter bred. Tales of that deedful day
Leap to men's lips no more;

But yonder pair, the Parent Palms, oft tell
Two things, as of them all their dreams were
made:
How first rang out the branch-swung Mission bell,
How Padre Serra prayed.

The while they speak, the old winds softer blow
Past palsied Old Town, drowsing in the sun,
Breathing some pertinent burden,—“Long ago
The padre's work was done!”

Come whence we may, memorial murmurs find
The heart of us who on these grasses tread;
'T is benediction, not the warm sea-wind,
The breath on the bowed head,

First felt here when pale Serra bowed, his lip
Quivering with victory, in the Master's name,
'As, with the sight of trust, he saw the ship
Far in the sun's low flame,

And the Lord's gate was safe. This mother hill,
Under clear skies, beside the Peaceful Sea,

Her voices all, when winds are loud or still,
Are sweet with memory.

At this dark hour — scarce voice enough to tell
Whether it be of silence or of sound —
The day is saying once again, "Farewell,
God's unforgotten ground!"

The trusting toil, the courage of it all!
The votive grasses tremble and grow still:
The heavens are bending low — 't is evenfall
On old Presidio Hill.

John Vance Cheney.

COYOTE

A DIM lithe shape moves over the mesa,
Roves with the night wind up and down;
The light-foot ghost, the wild dog of the shadow,
Howls on the level beyond the town.
Cry, cry Coyote!

No fellow has he, with leg or wing,
No mate has that spectre in fur or feather;
In the sage brush is whelped a fuzzy thing,
And mischief itself helps lick him together.
Up, cub Coyote!

The winds come blowing over and over,
The great white moon is looking down;
In the throat of the dog is devil's laughter.
Is he baying the moon or baying the town?
Howl, howl, Coyote!

The shadow-dog on the windy mesa,
He sits, and he laughs in his devil's way,
Look to the roost and lock up the lambkin;
A deal may happen 'twixt now and the day.
Ha, ha, Coyote!

John Vance Cheney.

WIRELESS

THE high stars glimmer in thine iron net,
And winds go whimpering along the wires;
Vast on the dark thy Titan bulk aspires —
A watcher on a lonely parapet!
And far, from hidden isles in ocean set,
Invisibly, yet thrall to thy desires,
They come, on wings nor storm nor darkness
tires —
Words that the far-off hearts of men beget.
Gaunt harvester of desperate gulfs of night,
Strange winnower in wide dim vales of air,
Wilt thou yet garner by thy mystic might

Some word to still our ancient long despair?
 A whisper from the infinite? — a breath
 Caught from the far unfathomed gulf of death?
Henry Anderson Lafler.

THE WHITE FEET OF ATTHIS

THEN Atthis to her lover-poet said:
 "Why dost thou never murmur of my feet
 A little song and sweet?
 For surely they are worth a fragile rhyme
 To cast in the teeth of Time."

From that imperious countenance, behold,
 He looked along the dais stained with gold
 Where bright her silver garments gleamed and, lo!
 A little drift of snow
 Was newly fallen there,
 Nor fled in the dim air.

Gazing, a mist about his eyelids fell;
 As strokes of a loud bell
 His heart beat: loveliness
 Surged in his brain and did his soul possess,
 And earth's white shapes, a cavalcade of dreams,
 Hurried their phantom-streams;
 Yet came no vision out of lands or seas

So perfect-fair as these—
So white, so slight, so pale, so frail, so sweet
Were her unsandaled feet.

Ah, grievèd was his heart
That ever in mead or mart
'Aught carved so fragilely and slender-round
Should tread the dark, cold ground.

“Such white hath not the curds
Drawn of the dreamy herds,
Nor white breasts of white birds,
Nor marble women folded in their stone,
Still, sunless, and unknown.

“White of a moonlit garden of pale roses,
And blossomy orchard-closes,
Or shroud that wreathes a girl's virginity—
Her cold inviolacy—
Or viewless foam of far, enchanted seas—
Nay, not any of these
Is whiter—”

Suddenly,
With petulant bright mouth a-question, she
Shattered to air that weaving reverie

“Tak'st thou so long to see that they are fair,
So mute thou standest there?”

A song I'd have to quell the singing birds,
Of soft and colored words,
All woven together in a gleaming rhyme—
Seven silver bells a-chime
To ring and murmur in all maidens' ears
Through the unceasing years:
Her feet were smallest, fairest. They must be
Forever hating me."

Then he from all his dreams awakenèd,
His grave eyes lifted, said:
"O Beautiful, mine all-allegiance
Bowed to the emerald shadows of thy glance,
'And thine unconquered mouth
(A scarlet poppy out of the warm South),
'And till thou bad'st them see
Mine eyes knew not so far a falsity
Unto thy face, O Sweet,
As one small, fleeting glance unto thy feet!"

Thereat she laughed in her high queenly mood,
'And said: "Thy words are of thy poethood,
'And wilt thou bring some slight immortal rhyme
In morrow's morning-time?"

He leaned, and Atthis yielded to his lips
Her cold, sweet finger-tips.

Henry Anderson Lafler.

THE TRAIL

IN SOLEMN rank on either hand
The patient, upright cedars stand.
The trail, worn smooth by countless feet,
Is older than an old-world street;
But no old streets hold such a bower
Encircled by high fern and flower
Whose shadows play on mossy ground;
And no old streets know such a sound
As rises when the constant stream,
Chanting its season-varied theme,
Is colored by the last clear note
From some brave singer's pulsing throat,
Who holds the last branch lit by sun
'And dares deny that day is done.
Yet, different as the old world seems,
E'en here youth waits and weaves her dreams,
'And lo! the makers of the trail
Pass once again before the veil,
Strange in their garb of ancient days.
And strange, too, that they go their ways
Turning their heads no whit to gaze
Upon the glory of her bower,
Resplendent at the evening hour
With beauty and the light of youth—
They are but phantom folk in truth!
Noiseless, a savage hunter, first,

Marks where the antlered deer has burst
From out his covert fringed with ferns,
And through the quiet air returns
The fading turmoil of his flight.
With laughter low and footsteps light,
A youth and maid in happy plight
Walk slowly on, arm linking arm,
Unconscious of impending harm
In this last sunset of their sway.
Close-following the long-trod way,
A travel-stained priest with pendant cross,
Comes, the first herald of their loss ;
'And in his steps a ruffian band
Sent out of Spain to burn and brand ;
Then, swiftly, seeking to be first,
Heedless of hunger, scorning thirst,
'A whole world's venturers, led by dreams
Of rich and undiscovered streams,
Whose waters, clear, and swift and cold,
Sweep over nests of virgin gold ;
Behind these, seeking what they left,
Close searching every narrow cleft
'And washing over twice-washed sand,
'An alien and more patient band,
Whose narrow, Orient eyes, and keen,
Follow their path and leave it clean ;
Last, walking slowly where these toiled,
And scanning close the banks despoiled,

The searchers of the sources pass,
Marking each loose stone in the grass,
Noting the contour of the ground,
The color of the soil, the sound
Of certain rock that, like a bell,
Will speak and its long secret tell.
Before these vanish from her sight
A clear voice wakes the birds to flight;
And with his greeting die away
All visions of an earlier day.

In solemn rank on either hand
The patient, upright cedars stand.
The trail, worn smooth by countless feet,
Leads . . . home, like any old-world street.

David Atkins.

TO VIRGINIA'

SPRING and the daffodil again—
I heard the lark at dawn,
A liquid cadence through the rain
Across my lawn.

The wet red roses all around
Stir in the breeze,
The first white trillium breaks the ground
Under the canyon trees.

I bring the wild white flower of spring,
 Above all others thine,
 'As he whom with the gift I bring
 Thy Valentine.

Henry Atkins.

OLD GLORY

ENCHANTED web! A picture in the air,
 Drifted to us from out the distance blue
 From shadowy ancestors, through whose brave care
 We live in magic of a dream come true —
 With Covenanters' blue, as if were glassed
 In dewy flower-heart the stars that passed.
 O blood-veined blossom that can never blight!
 The Declaration, like a sacred rite,
 Is in each star and stripe declamatory,
 The Constitution thou shalt long recite,
 Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory"!

O symphony in red, white, blue! — fanfare
 Of trumpet, roll of drum, forever new
 Reverberations of the Bell, that bear
 Its tones of liberty the wide world through!
 In battle dreaded like a cyclone blast,
 Symbol of land and people unsurpassed,
 Thy brilliant day shall never have a night.
 On foreign shore no pomp so grand a sight,

No face so friendly, naught consolatory
Like glimpse of lofty spar with thee bedight,
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory"!

Thou art the one Flag, an embodied prayer,
One, highest and most perfect to review;
Without one, nothing; it is lineal, square,
Has properties of all the numbers, too,
Cube, solid, square root, root of root; best classed
It for His Essence the Creator cast,
For purity are thy six stripes of white,
This number circular and endless quite,
Six times, well knows the scholar wan and hoary
His compass spanning circle can alight,
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory"!

Boldly the seven lines of scarlet flare,
As when o'er old centurion it blew
(Red is the trumpet's tone, it means to dare!)
God favored seven when creation grew;
The seven planets; seven hues contrast;
The seven metals; seven days, not last
The seven tones of marvellous delight
That lend the listening soul their wings for flight;
But why complete the happy category
That gives the thirteen stripes their charm and
might?
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory"!

In thy dear colors, honored everywhere,
The great and mystic ternion we view;
Faith, Hope, and Charity are numbered there
And the three nails the Crucifixion knew.
Three are offended when one has trespassed,
God, and one's neighbor and one's self aghast;
Christ's deity and soul and manhood's height;
Father, and Son and Ghost may here unite,
With texts like these divinely monitory,
What wonder that thou conquerest in the fight,
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory"!

Envoy

O blessed Flag! sign of our precious Past,
Triumphant Present and our Future vast,
Beyond starred blue and bars of sunset bright,
Lead us to higher realm of Equal Right!
Float on in ever lovely allegory,
Kin to the eagle, and the wind, and light,
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory"!

Emma Frances Dawson.

WHEN ALMONDS BLOOM

WHEN almond buds unclose,
Soft white and tender rose,—
A swarm of white moth things,
With sunset on their wings,
That fluttering settle down
On branches chill and brown;
When all the sky is blue,
And up from grasses new
Blithe springs the meadow lark,—
Sweet, sweet, from dawn to dark,—
When all the young year's way
Grows sweeter day by day;—
When almond buds unclose,
Who doubts of May's red rose?

Milicent Washburn Shinn.

AN ABALONE SHELL

THE sun went down in fog tonight,
Dropped like a plummet in the bay;
Only the East was faintly bright,
While all the West was wide and gray.

The glories from the sky are stripped,
The long, smooth breakers meet the land,

Foam-stricken, gray-green, sullen-lipped ;
I hold the sunset in my hand.

Grace MacGowan Cooke.

A WEDDING-DAY GALLOP

(Early California)

GALLOP with me, love, away and away,
To the infinite blue at the end of the day.

Here at the gate
Crimhild and Brunswicker wistfully wait ;
Up to the saddle, away and away,
Far away, far, to the end of the day.

Here by the river and there by the plain,
Here in the sunlight and there in the rain ;
Off round the mountain's bewildering base,
Off and away, love.

There by the sea, along the gray shore,
Across the dim desert, miles score and score ;
Away and away and always with me.
Gallop and gallop forever with me.

Now by the sea !
Feet on the sand keeping time with the waves,
Smile on the lips and flush on the cheek.
Now a smile, just a glance, all our happiness saves
Each for the other ; that language we speak

As we gallop and gallop o'er weed and o'er shell.
Hark to the waves as they rise and they swell,
 At the swing of the berylline sea.
Now the waves gallop on like hounds at our feet,
And ever the wavering moments repeat.
Crimhild's and Brunswicker's gallopings fleet,
 Along by the sea,
The chalcedonine, wavering, berylline sea.

 The dun desert now!
Level sand, ever sand, not a hillock or cleft;
Lizard here, squirrel there, hurries right, scurries
 left;
Sagebrush and bitterwood mingle and flow,
Wavelike and serpentine, on as we go.
Shadow as scant as the dews and the damp—
 'Ware, there, good Crimhild! a snake coils
 to spring!
Ah, her foot cleaves him dead with a metrical stamp,
With a flash of the eye like the flare of a lamp.
 Now a lift of white mane like the beat of a
 wing,
 Neck to neck she is matching black Brunswicker's swing.

.

 'A palm-shadowed pool,
 Deeply dark, deeply cool,

Desert-girt, green jeweled, alone in the land,
Like the emerald engraven I've set on this hand.

Rest, rest in its shade here, thou heart of my
heart.

Here's a cup from my scrip. Here is fruit ripe and
rare.

Juice of citron, bread of snow, yellow figs in a rime
Of sweet dust; jellied cherries, white once on a
time—

Dost remember?—in bloom overhead
When hearkened thy heart to the word that mine
said.

.

Dim lie the blue mountains; and there waits the dusk
With a star in her forehead,—a home, O my
heart,

To enfold us and hold us; a gardened
repose

Of lilies in alleys, and roses, and musk

Of ripe grapes from the vineyard, all a gleam
and apart,

In green oaken glades as my heart sees and
knows.

As my heart sees and knows,

There's thy window, netted around with a jasmine
that gropes,

Overclimbing the purple of low heliotropes,

To look with its numberless stars on thy face,
And sweeten the garden with new-gathered grace.

.

There shines the home-candle, through alley and
vine.

Home, home, at last, love,—thine, thine! And mine
Only so! Wide the gate, dear and blessed the door.
Now enter, and dwell, be at rest, heart and thought,
evermore.

So endeth our gallop, our days of all days,
Through the land, by the sea,
Through the desert wild ways,
Together, together, and always to be.

Irene Hardy.

NEITHER SPIRIT NOR BIRD

(Shoshone Love Song)

NEITHER spirit nor bird—
That was my flute you heard
Last night by the river.
When you came with your wicker jar
Where the river drags the willows,
That was my flute you heard,
Wacoba, Wacoba,
Calling, Come to the willows!

Neither the wind nor a bird
 Rustled the lupine blooms—
 That was my blood you heard
 Answer your garment's hem
 Whispering through the grasses;
 That was my blood you heard
 By the wild rose under the willows.

That was no beast that stirred—
 That was my blood you heard
 Pacing to and fro
 In the ambush of my desire
 To the flute's four-noted call.
 Wacoba, Wacoba,
 That was my heart you heard
 Leaping under the willows.

Mary Austin.

THE BED OF FLEUR-DE-LYS

HIGH-LYING, sea-blown stretches of green turf,
 Wind-bitten close, salt-colored by the sea,
 Low curve on curve spread far to the cool sky,
 And curving over them as long they lie,
 Beds of wild fleur-de-lys.

Wide-growing, self-sown, stealing near and far,
 Breaking the green like islands in the seas;

Great stretches at your feet, and spots that bend
Dwindling over the horizon's end,—
Wild beds of fleur-de-lys.

The light keen wind streams on across the lifts,
Their wind of western springtime by the sea;
The close turf smiles unmoved, but over her
Is the far-lying rustle and sweet stir
In beds of fleur-de-lys.

'And here and there across the smooth, low grass
Tall maidens wander thinking of the sea;
And bend, and bend, with light robes blown aside,
For the blue lily flowers that bloom so wide,—
The beds of fleur-de-lys.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

TO THE COLORADO DESERT

THOU brown, bare-breasted, voiceless mystery,
Hot sphynx of nature, cactus-crowned, what hast
thou done?
Unclothed and mute as when the groans of chaos
turned
Thy naked burning bosom to the sun.
The mountain silences have speech, the rivers sing,
Thou answerest never unto anything.

Pink throated lizards pant in thy slim shade;
The horned toad runs rustling in the heat;
The shadowy gray coyote, born afraid,
Steals to some brackish spring, and leaps and prowls
Away, and howls and howls and howls and howls,
Until the solitude is shaken with added loneliness.
The sharp mescal shoots up a giant stalk,
Its centuries of yearning to the sunburnt skies,
'And drops rare honey from the lips
Of yellow waxen flowers, and dies.
Some lengthwise sun-dried shapes with feet and
 hands,
'And thirsty mouths pressed on the sweltering sands,
Make here and there a gruesome graveless spot
Where someone drank the scorching hotness and is
 not.

God must have made thee in His anger and forgot.

Madge Morris Wagner.

AT THE STEVENSON FOUNTAIN

(Portsmouth Square, San Francisco)

PERHAPS from out the thousands passing by —
The City's hopeless lotos-eaters these,
Blown by the four winds of the seven seas
From common want to common company —
Perhaps someone may lift a heavy eye
And see, dream-blown across his memories,
Those golden pennons bellying in the breeze
And spread for ports where fair adventures lie.

And O! that such a one may stay a space
And taste of sympathy, till to his ears
Might come the tale of him who knew the grace
To suffer sweetly through the bitter years;
To catch the smile concealed in Fortune's face
And draw contentment from a cup of tears!

Wallace Irwin.

IN THE MOJAVE

THE starved and passionate desert
Stares hungry at the sky:
“O smile not so forever, love,
With lids forever dry.

“In tears and not in laughter
Love oft shall dearest be.
My heart is thirsty for your tears
To come and comfort me!”

I breathe the desert's passion;
The sun is hot above.
Oh, rain them down upon my heart,—
The soft, cool tears of love!

Charles F. Lummis.

JUST CALIFORNIA

'TwiXT the seas and the deserts,
'TwiXT the wastes and the waves,
Between the sands of buried lands
And ocean's coral caves,
It lies nor East nor West,
But like a scroll unfurled,
Where the hand of God hath hung it,
Down the middle of the world.

It lies where God hath spread it
In the gladness of His eyes,
Like a flame of jeweled tapestry
Beneath His shining skies ;
With the green of woven meadows,
And the hills in golden chains,
The light of leaping rivers,
And the flash of popped plains.

Days rise that gleam in glory,
Days die with sunset's breeze,
While from Cathay that was of old
Sail countless argosies ;
Morns break again in splendor
O'er the giant New-born west,
But of all the lands God fashioned,
'Tis this land is the best.

Sun and dews that kiss it,
Balmy winds that blow,
The stars in clustered diadems
Upon its peak of snow ;
The mighty mountains o'er it,
Below the white seas swirled —
Just California stretching down
The middle of the world.

John Steven McGroarty.

JANUARY

WHEN garden plats are pinched and brown,
Because the sun itself is cold;
When streams are swollen, freighted down
With sodden drift and the red mold;
When plum trees, stripped of leafy gown,
Toward the salt mist lean branches sere;
Then hey, my heart, and ho, my heart,
The turning of the year.

When crows fly low and dusks are gray,
And mists lie fleecy on the hills;
When walks are bright at break of day,
And from the hedge a robin trills;
When leaf buds feel the rising play
Of spring's intoxicating brew,
Then hey, my heart, and ho, my heart,
The year begins anew.

Warren Cheney.

WHEN ZEPHYRS BLOW

WHEN zephyrs blow and softly bring
A subtle scent of new-born spring;
O, then, old vagrant dreams arise
Of other lands and other skies
Where once I went a-wandering.

Ay, me! how recollections cling!
The days gone by have left their sting.
But love detains me with his sighs
And holds me as his captive prize:
No more I'll go a-wandering
When zephyrs blow.

Samuel Travers Clover.

IN CARMEL BAY

IN CARMEL Bay the fleeting day,
Reluctant, casts her robes away
And steps into the night.
The fragrant land on either hand
A crescent forms of glistening sand,
A bow to speed her flight.

O'er restless seas she runs at ease,
The chariot of the sun to seize,
Ere he shall drop from sight.
The pines in banks and solid ranks
Surrounding, seem pursuing flanks
Of Beauty's army green.

To hold her still against her will
A captive sweet the night to fill
With visions vaguely seen.

The tides run high against the sky,
Birds wing in flight and homeward fly,
To treetops tall and clean.

The waiting earth has spent her mirth
And silent, rolls her shadowed girth
In pale consenting night.
There is no way for Day to stay,
Beyond her time or path to stray—
She steps into the night.

Madge Clover.

THE ROSARY

THE hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end — and there
A cross is hung.

Oh, memories that bless — and burn!
Oh, barren gain — and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn

To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the cross.

Robert Cameron Rogers.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A FIRE-MIST and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland,
The charm of the goldenrod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,

Into our hearts high yearnings
 Come welling and surging in:
 Come from the mystic ocean
 Whose rim no foot has trod —
 Some of us call it Longing,
 And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
 A mother starved for her brood,
 Socrates drinking the hemlock,
 And Jesus on the rood;
 And millions, who, humble and nameless,
 The straight, hard pathway plod —
 Some call it Consecration,
 And others call it God.

William Herbert Carruth.

GOLD-OF-OPHIR ROSES

I

O FLOWER of passion, rocked by balmy gales,
 Flushed with life's ecstasy,
 Before whose golden glow the poppy pales
 And yields her sovereignty!

Child of the ardent south, thy burning heart
 Has felt the sun's hot kiss;

Thy creamy petals falling half apart
Quiver with recent bliss.

For joy at thy unequalled loveliness,
He woos with fierce delight;
And thy glad soul, half faint with his caress,
Yet glories in his might.

Thy sighs go out in perfume on the air,
Rich incense of thy love,
And mystic lights, an opalescence rare,
Play round thee from above.

II

So thou dost riot through the glad spring days,
Sun-wooded and reveling in eager life,
Till all the shadowed fragrance of the ways
With thy rich bloom and glowing tints is rife.

A joyous smile that hides a secret tear,
A note of music with a minor strain,
A heart of gold where crimson wounds appear,
Thou breathest all love's sweetness and its pain.

Yet suddenly, even at thy loveliest,
Thou palest with thine own intensity.
Ah, Passion's child, thou art most truly blest,
To bloom one perfect day, and then to die.

Grace Atherton Dennen.

EBB TIDE AT NOON

THE breezes sleep; their morning journey done.
The seaweeds mat the sluggish channel's edges.
The sand-flat twinkles in the summer sun,
And fishes flap and spatter in the sedges.

Far off across the dunes there comes the sound
Of lazy surges droning on the shingle.
My boat drifts idly, swinging half-aground;—
Then bickering gulls their raucous voices mingle.

For all has changed; and to the harbor bar
Has come a secret message from the ocean,
A thousand hurrying ripples speed from far,
And all the waters waken into motion.

Gelett Burgess.

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR

HERE'S to the Cause, and the blood that feeds it!
Here's to the Cause, and the soul that speeds it!
Coward or Hero, or Bigot or Sage,
All shall take part in the war that we wage;
And though 'neath our banners range contrary man-

ners, shall we pick, shall we choose 'twixt
the false and the true?

Not for us to deny them, let the Cause take and try
them — the one man for us is the man who
can do!

Here's to the Cause, let who will get the Glory!

Here's to the Cause, and a fig for the story!

The braggarts may tell it who serve but for
fame;

There'll be more than enough that will die for
the Name!

And though in some eddy our vessels unsteady be
stranded and wrecked ere the victory's
won,

Let the current sweep by us. O Death, come and
try us! What if laggards win praise, if
the Cause shall go on?

Here's to the Cause, and the years that have passed!

Here's to the Cause — it will triumph at last!

The end shall illumine the hearts that have
braved

All the years and the fears that the Cause might
be saved.

And though what we hoped for, and darkly have
groped for, come not in the manner we
prayed that it should,

We shall gladly confess it, and the Cause, may God
bless it! shall find us all worthy who did
what we could!

Gelett Burgess.

IN AN ALAMEDA FIELD

Lost Sappho's voice passed on the wind today
In the perishing soprano of a lark,
That called down April's rose-apparelled way;
And far quick thrills of color frayed the dark
As though God's garment trailed along the east;
Keen tender odors drifted from the sea,
'And splendid gold through all the sky increased,
As her wild lyric cry rang out to me.

Her strain fell quivering sweet, "Forbear to love;"
Fell with the old heart-rifing of despair;
Fell in a break of grief past telling of —
"Forbear to love, to love forbear, forbear."
To only my grief-sharpened ear she cried,
How could she know my heart last night had died?

Anna Catherine Markham.

SONG OF CRADLE-MAKING

THOU hast stirred!
When I lifted thy little cradle,
The little cradle I am making for thee,
I felt thee!
The face of the beach smiled,
I heard the pine-trees singing:
In the White Sea the Dawn-Eagle dipped his wing.
O, never have I seen so much light through thy
father's doorway!

(Wast thou pleased with thy little cradle?)

Last night I said: "When the child comes —
If it is a Son —
I will trim his cradle with shells:
And proudly I will bear him in his rich cradle
Past the doors of barren women;
And all shall see my Little Chief in his rich cradle!"

That was last night;
Last night thou hadst not stirred!

O I know not if thou be a son —
Strong Chief, Great Fisher, Law-of Woman,
As thy father is;

Or only Sorrow-Woman, Patient Serving Hands,
Like thy mother.

I only know I love thee,

Thou Little One under my heart!

For thou didst move; and every part of me trembled.

I will trim thy cradle with many shells, and with
cedar-fringes;

Thou shalt have goose-feathers on thy blanket!

I will bear thee in my hands along the beach,

Singing as the sea sings,

Because the little mouths of sand are ever at her
breast.

O Mother-face of the Sea, how thou dost smile —

And I have wondered at thy smiling!

Aiihi! Thy Little feet —

I felt them press me!

Lightly, so lightly I hear them coming:

Like little brown leaves running over the earth —

Little leaves, wind-hastened on the sudden autumn
trails!

Earth loves the little running feet of leaves.

— (Thy little brown feet!)

O K'antsamiq'ala Soé, Our Praised One,

Let there be no more barren women!

May thou bring no tears, my child

When I bear thee, in thy rich cradle,
By the chanting sea-paths where the women labor.

Thou hast stirred!
Oh! haste, haste, little feet —
Little brown feet lightly running
Down the trail of the hundred days!

.

The wind is white with rocking bird-cradles;
Day is in the eyes of the Sea.
Ah! never have I seen so much light
Through thy father's doorway!

Constance Lindsay Skinner.

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS

(Greek Theater, August 14, 1915)

O GODLIKE gestures, whose compelling sweep
Bids buried glories and the golden lore
Of days long lost live all their beauty o'er!
How like a sickle doth thy white arm reap
Thy sheaf of sorrow! Ah, thou dost not weep
Alone, sweet Iphigenia! nor implore
The sterile heavens to blow from Aulis' shore
A breath of saving o'er the blighted deep!

Daughter of sacrifice! thy tender grace,
Thy tragic story tremulous with tears,
Is more than legend now! Thy lovely face
Shines like a star through all the shadowed night;
Thy voice hath touched anew the vanished years,
Kindling Time's ancient silences with light!

Charles Phillips.

TO PALEOLITHIC MAN

(Restored in a Museum)

MY FATHER! Lo, thy hundred thousand years
Are but as yesterday when it is past.
Today thy very voice is in mine ears;
On mine own mirror is thy likeness cast.

Thy sap it is in these my veins runs green;
Thine are these knitted thews of bone and skin;
This cushioned width lay once thy ribs between,
As my heart did with thine its work begin.

Be it however contoured, this frail cup
That holds the stuff and substance of my brain,
From thy prognathic skull was moulded up;
Do I not share with thee the mark of Cain?

Not I should shudder at the thickened neck,
Full from thy shoulders to thy sloping head;

It bore the brunt of many a rout and wreck
That spared the slender loins whence I was bred.

Nor should I blush, my Father, seeing how
Thy furry jowl is kindred to my cheek;
It shuts upon a tongue, I mind me now,
Which stuttering spent itself that I might speak.

I and my brothers roam this rich Today
Unhindered, unafraid, because thy feet,
Stone-bruised and heavy with primordial clay,
God's winepress trod to make our vintage sweet.

What then, Progenitor? Shall we repay
Such debt in any coin but filial love?
Leave thy defenseless carcass on display
With fossil horse and pterodactyl dove?

For thee no epic and no monument!
For lesser hero, meaner pioneer,
Our bays and honors; shall thy sons consent
To leave thee standing naked, nameless, here?

Fanny Hodges Newman.

"THE CAULDRON"

(At La Jolla)

HERE on the swart and deeply-angled shore
The great waves gather up their final breath
And fling themselves to swift and stony death;
The creamèd streams that billows were before,
Ooze o'er the purple rocks, and foaming, pour
In hurried cascades down, far down beneath,
To seek in placid deeps their burial sheath.
So fierce desires would wreck my life; for more,
More madly in the cauldron of my soul
Come they to threaten all the imposèd bounds.
To death, O Lord of Lords, let them be tossed!
Let not the tragic stars see them their goal
Reach and destroy my peace. Where no storm
sounds,
Beneath life's plangent sea, let them be lost.

Francis Walker.

TO MY MOUNTAIN

O MY Mountain, my Mountain,
Enveloped in your cloak of snow,
Can you hear?

Temple of my night,
Cradle of my day,
Can you hear?

I warn you of the braggart of the sky,
The Sun! The Sun!
He outruns my warning words
To steal your snows,
O my Mountain, my Mountain.

Great body-guard of God—
Can you hear?

Mahdah Payson.

WIND OF THE SOUTH

TENDER you were and shy, wind of the South.
You blew me kisses from my lover's mouth;
With your caressing touch upon my cheek
I closed my eyes, and thought I heard him speak.

Wind of the South, cruel you are and bold,
In your wild cries my wretchedness is told;
Beyond the frozen sails and icy spars
My love is dead, beneath the Southern stars.

Jennie McBride Butler.

CALIFORNIA' OF THE SOUTH

THE land is a garden of glamour, where passes
Each breeze on its wandering way to the sea;
And prodigal, scatters the sweets it amasses
From orange groves yielding their stores tenderly,
To be breathed back again to the tremulous grasses
Through which Zephyr ranges;—a light lover,
 . he!

'Tis the garden of Eden; high hedges enclose it
Of lime and of cypress; a still spirit rests
'Neath the veil of the mountains (the hushed silence
 shows it),
And he broods the sweet valley to sleep on his
 breast.
This is a sanctuary;—every bird knows it,
And knows the broad landscape was made for his
 nest.

For hark how the hedges and bushes are ringing
With madrigals! Mark how the jubilant trees
'Are budding with birds and a-blossom with singing;
And look! from each spray a small singer of
 glees
Is trilling and trilling his skyward song flinging;—
 Sure Italy's skies are not bluer than these!

Here rain in swift showers soft tropical flowers
Sweet somnolent scents on the tropical air;
Lavish roses have reared them a riotous bower,
Flaunting crimson and gold their gray gonfalons
flare,
And the heart of each rose and the heart of each
hour
Shows the last-bloomed the rarest, where each still
was rare.

This is the land of the poet's desire;
This is the Beautiful's indwelling place;
Land of the new dawn and late sunset's fire,
Lo, she laughs like a child in the grim East's
face!
And a thousand years shall be born and expire
Ere her youth shall have dimmed its immortal
grace.

Grace Ellery Channing.

THE CAMPFIRE

UNTIL that eve I never knew you;
It had been weariest of days,
Some homely trivial errand drew you
Into my campfire's blaze.
You, who like me had paused to rest
Upon the trail of your far quest.

You knelt to stir the sullen embers ;
 The light caught cheek and chin and brow —
 How dear the soul of love remembers !
 Why I can see you even now —
 The wearied mystery of your eyes,
 Deep shadowed as the circling skies ;

Can see the desert, silent, lonely,
 The camp beside its brackish well,
 All dream-like, dim, in which two only
 Seemed set apart by some strange spell.
 Within a magic ring of light
 Just you and I : outside the night !

Margaret Adelaide Wilson.

AS I CAME DOWN MOUNT TAMALPAIS

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
 To North the fair Sonoma hills
 Lay like a trembling thread of blue
 Beneath a sky of daffodils ;
 Through tules green a silver stream
 Ran South to meet the tranquil bay,
 Whispering a dreamy, tender tale
 Of vales and valleys far away.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
To South the city brightly shone,
Touched by the sunset's good-night kiss
Across the golden ocean blown;
I saw its hills, its tapering masts,
I almost heard its tramp and tread,
'And saw against the sky the cross
Which marks the City of the Dead.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
To East San Pablo's water lay,
Touched with a holy purple light,
The benediction of the day;
No ripple on its twilight tide,
No parting of its evening veil,
Save dimly in the far-off haze
One dreamy, yellow sunset sail.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
To West Heaven's gateway opened wide,
And through it, freighted with day-cares,
The cloud-ships floated with the tide;
Then silently through stilly air,
Starlight flew down from Paradise,
Folded her silver wings and slept
Upon the slopes of Tamalpais.

Clarence Urmy.

A CALIFORNIA SONG

I COME to you with a gift in my hand,
A flower that grew in a golden land,
A land on whose head is a poppy crown
And the scent of the blossoms is wafted down
To the amber bay and the topaz sea
And the sun-god's grave by the cocoa tree.

I come to you with a flower whose face
Is the zenith of beauty, the acme of grace;
There are dreams in its eyes and the song on its lips
Is the lullaby song of the shadow that slips
O'er the tall purple mountain that watches like Fate
The silver sails threading the fair Golden Gate.

I come to you with a flower whose breath
Brings freedom from fear of disaster and death,
For though El Dorado be blackened, and rock
Through the demon of fire and the earthquake
shock,
There is peace in the hearts of her children who
know
The scent of the fields where the poppies grow.
Clarence Urmy.

FOREST COUPLETS

BENEATH a redwood let me lie
And all its harmonies untie :

Melodic sequences of spray
And bough and trunk in rich array ;

Chromatic hue and tint and shade
Of beryl, emerald and jade ;

Cadenzas, day-dreams that enfold
The *padres*, argonauts and gold ;

Soft passing notes, the tones that tell
Of poppy-field and mission bell ;

With sea-wind cadences that blow
In dominant arpeggio,

Resolving into chords full blent
Of solace, peace, and calm content.

Clarence Urmy.

NIGHT IN CAMP

FIERCE burns our fire of driftwood; overhead
Gaunt maples lift long arms against the night;
The stars are sobbing,—sorrow-shaken, white,
And high they hang, or show sad eyes grown red
With weeping for their queen—the moon just dead.
Weird shadows backward reel when tall and
bright
The broad flames stand and fling a golden light
On mats of soft, green moss around us spread.
A sudden breeze comes in from off the sea,
The vast old forest draws a troubled breath,
A leaf awakens; up the shores of sand
The black tide, silver-lipped, creeps noiselessly;
The camp fire dies, then silence deep as death,
The darkness pushing down upon the land.
Herbert Bashford.

MORNING IN CAMP

A BED of ashes and a half-burned brand
Now mark the spot where last night's campfire
sprung
And licked the dark with slender scarlet tongue;
The sea draws back from shores of yellow sand

Nor speaks lest he awake the sleeping land;
Tall trees grow out of shadows; high among
Their somber boughs one clear, sweet song is
sung;
In deep ravine by drooping cedars spanned
All drowned in glory, a flying pheasant's whirr
Rends morning's solemn hush; gray rabbits run
Across the covered glade; then far away
Upon a hill, each huge, expectant fir
Holds open arms in welcome to the sun,—
Great pulsing heart of bold advancing day.

Herbert Bashford.

IN THE VALLEY

THE Sierra-rock, a tavern for the clouds, refuses
to let Fame and Gold sojourn.—
Down the Heaven by the river-road, an Angel's
ethereal shadow strays.—
The Genii in the valley-cavern consult in silence the
message of the Heavens.
O Lord, show unto mortals thy journal — the bal-
ance of Glory and Decay!

Yone Noguchi.

TO WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

DEAD! and we gaze, unseeing, on your bier,
Where westward thunders roll;
But though you die, your living song is clear
(Prometheus lights your goal);
And till we too are taken, we can hear
That music from your soul!

Herbert Heron.

SANTA BARBARA BEACH

Now while the sunset offers,
Shall we not take our own:
The gems, the blazing coffers,
The seas, the shores, the throne?

The sky-ships, radiant-masted,
Move out, bear low our way.
Oh, Life was dark while it lasted,
Now for enduring day.

Now with the world far under,
To draw up drowning men
And show them lands of wonder
Where they may build again.

There earthly sorrow falters,
There longing has its wage;
There gleam the ivory altars
Of our lost pilgrimage.

—Swift flame—then shipwrecks only
Beach in the ruined light;
'Above them reach up lonely
The headlands of the night.

A hurt bird cries and flutters
Her dabbled breast of brown;
The Western wall unshutters
To fling one last rose down.

A rose, a wild light after—
And life calls through the years,
“Who dreams my fountain’s laughter
Shall feed my wells with tears.”

Ridgely Torrence.

THE CREED OF DESIRE

STILL to be sure of the Dawn—
Still to be glad for the Sea—
Still to know fire of the blood:
God keep these gifts in me!

Then — I shall cleave the dark!
Then I shall breast the redoubt!
Then I shall Glory the Lord —
And go down to the Grave
With a shout!

Bruce Porter.

A CALIFORNIA EASTER MASS

Now burn the poppy-lamps of Spring
Along the lifting aisles of grain;
Before the mystic offering,
The earth-warm breathing censers swing
And choirs innumerable sing
The gloria of the Born-again.

Charles K. Field.

THE YEARS

EACH life is like a changing flower;
Like petals, pale or colored free,
The years drop softly, hour by hour,
And leave rich seeds of memory!

Charles K. Field.

WESTERN BLOOD

MY TOWER faces south and north,
And east it opens wide,
But not a window pane looks forth
Upon the western side.

I gaze out north on city roofs,
And south on city smoke,
And to the east are throbbing hoofs,
The rush of city folk;

But not a ray of western light
May fall across my work,
No crevice opens to the night
Where western eyes may lurk;

My crowded days are spent in quest
Of eager city things,
And when the little birds fly west,
I would not hear their wings.

But they who once have climbed the Town,
When daylight lingered late,
And watched the western sun go down
Athwart the burnished Gate,

And felt the rolling fogs descend,
And seen the lupine blown,
And known what things a western friend
May offer to his own,

Ah, they can never hush for long—
He knew what would be best
Who built my tower high and strong,
And closed it to the west.

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

LET US GO HOME TO PARADISE

LET us go home to Paradise,
O my adored!
There are neither flaming sword
Prohibitive, nor angel's eyes
Jealous of our happiness.
O from this valley of distress
Look up, look back to Paradise!

There gentle mists are drawn along
The margins of the deep,
And up the quiet valleys creep,
There the pines with low sweet song
Murmur at morning half asleep,

Trailing through each fingered bow
The gray fog on the hill's brow.

Our beautiful peninsula
Cannot rejoice
For all its forest, and the voice
Of breaking waves in Carmel Bay,
Until we come; the cypresses
Grieve above the dove-gray seas
For us their lovers far away.

Robinson Jeffers.

WINDY MORNING

(Catalina Island, 1913)

Dawn with a jubilant shout
Leaps on the shivering sea
And puffs the last pale planet out
And scatters the flame-bright clouds about
Like the leaves of a frost-bitten tree.

Does a gold seed split the rosy husk?
Nay, a sword . . . a shield . . . a spear!
The kindler of all fires that burn
Deep in the day's cerulean urn
Rides up across the clear
And tramples down the cowering dusk
Like a strong-browed charioteer.

Blow out and far away
 The dim, the dull, the dun;
 Prosper the crimson, blight the gray,
 And blow us clean of yesterday,
 Stern morning fair begun,
 Till the earth is an opal bathed in dew,
 Flashing with emerald, gold, and blue,
 Held where the skies wash through and
 through
 High up against the sun.

Odell Shepard.

NERO

THIS Rome, that was the toil of many men,
 The consummation of laborious years —
 Fulfillment's crown to visions of the dead,
 And image of the wide desire of kings —
 Is made by darkling dream's effulgency,
 Fuel of vision, brief embodiment
 Of wanton will and wastage of the strong,
 Fierce ecstasy of one tremendous hour,
 When ages piled on ages were aflame
 To all the years behind and years to be.

Yet any sunset were as much as this
 Save for the music forged by hands of fire
 From out the hard, straight silences which bind

Dull Matter's tongueless mouth—a music pierced
With the tense voice of life, more quick to cry
Its agony—and save that I believed
The radiance redder for the blood of men.
Destruction hastens and intensifies
The process that is beauty, manifests
Ranges of form unknown before, and gives
Motion and voice and hue, where otherwise
Bleak inexpressiveness has leveled all.

If one create, there is the lengthy toil,
The labored days and years toward an end
Less than the measure of desire, mayhap,
After the sure consuming of all strength,
And strain of faculties that elsewhere
Were loosed upon enjoyment; and at last
Remains to one, capacity nor power
For pleasure in the thing that he hath made.
But on destruction hangs but little use
Of time nor faculty, but all is turned
To the one purpose, unobstructed, pure,
Of sensuous rapture and observant joy;
And from the intensities of death and ruin
One draws a heightened and completer life,
And both extends and vindicates himself.

I would I were a god, with all the scope
Of attributes that are the essential core

Of godhead, and its visibility.
I am but Emperor, and hold awhile
The power to hasten death upon its way,
And cry a halt to worn and lagging life
For others, but for mine own self may not
Delay the one, nor bid the other speed.
There have been many kings, and they are dead,
And have no power in death save what the wind
Confers upon their blown and brainless dust
To vex the eyeballs of posterity.

But were I God, I would be overlord
Of many kings, and were as breath to guide
Their dust of destiny. And were I God,
Exempt from this mortality which clogs
Perception and clear exercise of will,
What rapture it would be, if but to watch
Destruction crouching at the back of Time,
The tongueless dooms which dog the traveling suns,
The vampire Silence at the breast of worlds,
Fire without light that gnaws the base of things,
And Lethe's mounting tide that rots the stone
Of fundamental spheres. This were enough
Till such time as the dazzled wings of will
Came up with power's accession, scarcely felt
For very suddenness. Then would I urge
The strong contention and conflicting might
Of chaos and creation, matching them,

These immemorial powers inimical,
And all their stars and gulfs subservient —
Dynasts of Time, and anarchs of the dark —
In closer war reverseless; and would set
New discord at the universal core,
A Samson-principle to bring it down
In one magnificence of ruin. Yea,
The monster Chaos were mine unleashed hound,
And all my power Destruction's own right arm.

I would exult to mark the smouldering stars
Renew beneath my breath their elder fire,
And feed upon themselves to nothingness.
The might of suns, slow-paced with swinging weight
Of myriad worlds, were made at my desire
One long rapidity of roaring light,
Through which the voice of Life were audible,
And singing of the immemorial dead
Whose dust is loosened into vaporous wings
With soaring wrack of systems ruinous.
And were I weary of the glare of these,
I would tear out the eyes of light, and stand
Above a chaos of extinguished suns,
That crowd and grind and shiver thunderously,
Lending vast voice and motion, but no ray
To the stretched silentness of blinded gulfs.
Thus would I give my godhead space and speech
For its assertion, and thus pleasure it,

Hastening the feet of Time with cast of worlds
Like careless pebbles, or with shattered suns
Brightening the aspect of Eternity.

Clark Ashton Smith.

IN A GARDEN

Impressions

ALONG my fence
The roses
Are a Ballet Russe —
A mad whirl of snow flakes,
Dancing, swirling, glancing, twirling,
Under the spot light
Of the sun.
The premiere danseuse,
A golden-eyed Cherokee,
In blazing white,
Pirouettes and poses among the roses,
Gloriously full
Of the passion
Of Spring.

A White Iris

Tall and clothed in samite,
Chaste and pure,

In smooth armor —
Your head held high
In its helmet
Of silver :
Jean D'Arc riding
Among the sword blades!

Has Spring for you
Wrought visions,
As it did for her
In a garden?

Stocks

Fluffy, beribboned ladies
In a row,
You have pinned rosettes,
Rosettes of chiffon,
Pink and mauve,
Purple and white,
White and deeper red,
Pinned them here and there
About your hats
And your ruffled green petticoats.
The jonquils
Across the path,
Adore your flutterings but
Shy, young things,
They can only bow stiffly.

Marigolds

When Spring passed
This evening
Her head was so turned
By the young moon,
She left her purse strings untied
And a lot of gold guineas
Fell in my garden.

Pauline B. Barrington.

YOUTH'S SONGS

THEY lift upon the first rush of bright wings
Into the heaven of singing; and they dare
To glimpse unseen and utter tacit things,
And with unstained hands from the temple tear
The inmost veil to find if truth be there.
They chant in darkness with unbated breath
The age-old exorcisms of despair —
How may we sing who once have walked with
death?
O Poet, Poet, lingering, lingering late
To dream fulfilment of star-high desire,
A little longer and in vain you wait
The flush of mystery, the cloak of fire;

Youth's songs have wings, but after-words shall be
As gray leaves fallen to the wild white sea.

Maxwell Anderson.

AMATEURS

ALOFT among the gallery gods,
Whose peering faces crowd the night
With muttered breath and mocking nods,
There waits the Keeper of the Light.

From out the pit the roll and crash
Of music comes, and through the dark
The spot pours down a blinding flash
Upon its momentary mark.

It is Pierrette that flutters there
Alone, until there comes Pierrot;—
Comes hissing, laughter and despair,
And darkness blots them as they go.

They tried, O God, how hard they tried;
Though loveliness was theirs, and grace,
The Keeper of the Light denied
A moment more to their embrace.

Geroid Robinson.

THE SONG OF THOMAS THE RHYMER

You have taken the sun and the stars from Heaven
With your dusky eyes that glow like wine,
You have taken the sweetness from the rose
With the touch of your warm red lips on mine.
You have stilled the song in the meadowlark's throat
With your voice that holds all melody,
And the fear is heavy upon my heart
That you have taken my God from me!

Marjorie Charles Driscoll.

LUCK

LET there live aye a lad's laugh in the throat of
you—

Let you aye have a gay swing to the coat of you—
Let there aye be one poorer to borrow a groat of
you!

Let you find hands of dear women to mother you—
Let you find shoulders of comrades that brother
you—
Let you find arms of the small ones to smother you!

Let folk be the happier just for the nod of you—
Let you be in love with the road that is trod of
you—
Let Death be a step betwix you and the God of
you!

Dare Stark.

MATER DOLOROSA

LAST night I heard the keenin' at Patrick Connell's
wake,

“O poor lad, O good lad—that you should have
to go;

But then the Lord has given, an' sure the Lord may
take—

Let Mary help his mother to bear the bitter woe!”

'At dawn I heard the fishermen a-talkin' on the quay,

“A fine lad, a clean lad—that God may rest
his soul;

“'Twas well he knew the fishin' banks, 'twas well
he loved the sea—

Let Mary help his mother to bear the bitter dole!

'At noon I saw him buried upon the windy hill;

I saw the black earth cover the coffin from her
sight—

O Mary, in your mercy, be kindly to her still
And pray to God her heart will break, that she
may die tonight!"

James Leo Duff.

THE BELLS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

First Bell

Ave Maria Purissima! Hear!
Seventeen ninety and six was the year
When I was hung in the tower of stone,
Singing aloft in a solemn tone
Sending my summons for miles around
That all might list to the solemn sound—
Kling, klang, clatter and ring,
Thus the bells of the mission sing.

Second Bell

Diva Jesus clanged my cry
When Padre Fuster hung me high,
And my metal tongue in its brazen throat
Sounded its first triumphant note,
Chimed with my mate in a mighty din
When the vespers were solemnly chanted within,
Kling, klang, clatter and ring,
Thus the bells in the mission sing.

Third Bell

Hail, O holy San Rafael,
I proudly pealed in a silver knell
When high in the belfry aloft I hung
And a note was struck with my eager tongue,
Heard by the Indian mother and child,
By soldier stern and by padre mild —
Kling, klang, clatter and ring,
Thus the bells of the mission sing.

All the Bells

Hail, O Holy Mother — hear!
Thus we all pealed for many a year,
Called the vaquero away from his stock,
Summoned the herder to leave his flock,
Indian mother and Mexican maid
Fondly the summons to prayer obeyed;

Till, ah, we called on an evil hour,
For the temblor came and it rent our tower,
And down we fell with a crash and a clang,
With the cries of the stricken the sad church rang.
Then they lifted us up to toll for the dead,
And solemn and slow were the notes we said;
Toll, toll, stifled and slow —
Thus the bells voiced a people's woe.

Such were the songs of our ancient prime,
But O the havoc and waste of time —
For the years, the years with their pitiless train
Have heard our pleadings and prayers in vain;
They have levelled the graves in the church yard
 lone,
They have broken the arches and scattered the
 stone —
Clatter and ring, clatter and ring!
Our throats are cracked and they seldom sing.

Charles Keeler.

PESCADERO PEBBLES

CRASH of the crystal surf all night on the wind-wild
 beaches,
Boom of the billows that break day-long on the peb-
 bled reaches,
Roar of the riotous waves on rock ridges shattered
 and sundered,
Moaning and sobbing and shouting the turbulent
 elements thundered.

Idly I lay on the sea-rim, the pebbles I dropped
 through my fingers,
Jewels of jade and of beryl, with opaline sea-tint
 that lingers

Long as the wild waves wet them where mermaids
tossed them away,
Sparkling in beauty neglected to glow in the salt
sea spray.

Out of the ocean of longing, whose shore is the
heart-rim dreary,
Peereth a wild mermaiden through turbulent sea-
mist eerie,
Wine-red carnelians and crystals translucent at my
feet flinging,
And salt tears wet them and leave them aglow by
the mad waves singing.

Charles Keeler.

THE CHILD HEART

THE shy flowers smile in the face of their father
the bountiful Bright One,
The wild birds chant his praise when he smiles with
the blessing of day;
The child-folk follow the wood-things into the wild
with laughter,
And you and I, beloved, shall follow them all away
Into the fields of faery, unto the haunted wood,
And serve them ever with gladness, and learn to be
pure and good.

Charles Keeler.

MIDSUMMER EAST AND WEST

I

THE meadows are green and sweet with clover,
The sun shines hot and the clouds drift over
The deep skies' measureless blue.
A cooling breath and the rain drops patter
On the dusty road, and the light winds scatter
The hurrying leaves, and strew
The glistening grass with dead rose petals;
A gurgle and rush and the water settles
In many a sunbright pool.
Anon is a flash and a note of thunder,
And the forest king lies rent asunder,
And the woods are dim and cool.

II

The hills are brown and the fields are yellow;
The barley blowing, the ripe fruit mellow;
The sun beats warm on the road.
Now days grow long and the skies are cloudless,
And nights are bright with the fair moon shroudless;
Dry rocks where the river flowed,
The throstle hides and sings in the hedges,
The round-eyed toad peeps up from the sedges
That droop by the shallow streams.

The leaves are stirred by the Southwind's sallies,
The mountains sleep and the misty valleys,
And the world is wrapped in dream.

Virna Woods.

YOSEMITE STROPHES

The Valley

GRAY and bleakly majestic, the bastioned walls of the
valley,
Springing sheer to the sky, dwarf the great pine trees
beneath.

Bridal Veil Falls

White from a notch of the cliffs you slide, oh sylph
of the mountains,
Easily, lissomly down, floating on delicate feet.
Bright from your shoulders trail the folds of a robe
of jewels,
Softening to film as they fall, looped with a rain-
bow loop.

Other Waterfalls

Hung on the eaves of the world, the thin ribbon
dangles and flutters;

Broadly the Vernal spreads its mantel of feathery
 spray;
 Headlong Yosemite leaps, and pauses, and leaps
 again forward;
 Cliff-overshadowed Nevada gleams from the dark
 like a wraith.

The Big Trees of Mariposa

Cinnamon-silver they rise,— the trunks of the titan
 sequoias;
 Centuries blossom and fall, fadeless their branches
 endure.

Conclusion: Yosemite Remembered

Grave and remote and austere, you haunt me with
 beauty, oh valley,—
 Beauty undreamed of before, now all a dream or a
 star.

Charles Wharton Stork.

THE MOUNTAIN

WHAT wrecks of Time and Storm are crumbling
 here!

The rocks that seemed eternal shattered lie,
 And pines that sang their glorias to the sky
 In mute dismemberment stretch prone and drear.

Beneath this gloomful shade, wide-spreading near,
What hidden thoughts in loneliness may sigh,
What spirits of the past may wander by,
Their cheeks bedewed with unavailing tear!
But look beyond: the towering summits glow
With grand magnificence of dazzling light,
That tints with rainbow hues their bosoming snow.
And as we gaze, a more than mortal might
Lifts the rapt soul from all the glooms below
To faiths that blaze immaculately bright.

Edward Robeson Taylor.

IN TEHÁCHAPI

COLD is the wind upon the mountain side,
(*For she,—my lady,—she is far from me*),
White is the snow and thick the mists that hide
Thy face, Teháchapi!

Stiffly the yuccas stand in mantles white,
(*Garments unwonted, carried shiveringly*),
While desert cactus, sands, and storm unite,
Blending impartially.

But not forever lingers Winter here
(*For there is always summer in the heart*),
The South wind whispers, and the hills are clear,
The thick fog falls apart.

The Summer's gentle touch shall never fail,—
 (*Because,— my lady,— she will come to me*),
Blue are the skies beyond the mists that veil
 Thy face, Teháchapi!

David Starr Jordan.

ST. JOHN OF NEPOMUC

ONE summer I Columbused John, in Prague, that
 deadly Bush League town.

I'd quit 'em cold on pictures and cathedrals for a
 while.

I hung around for Ma and Sis (Good Lord, there
 wasn't one they'd miss—

Pale martyrs till you couldn't sleep— Madonnas by
 the mile!).

I read some dope in Baedeker about a tablet on the
 bridge,

And how they slipped this poor old scout the double
 cross for fair.

I'm off High Brow historic truck, but this old boy
 of Nepomuc,

You must admit he was the goods. Believe me, he
 was *there!*

The King was Wenzel Number Four. John was
Sky Pilot for the Court.

King gets a hunch that Mrs. King has something on
her mind.

He goes to sleuthing more and more. He says—
“Gadzooks, I’ll have their gore!”

(Don’t ever let ’em string you on that bunk that
love is blind!)

The Queen (I’ll bet she was some queen) she tangoes
blithely on her way,

’And fails to see the storm clouds on the regal hus-
band’s dome.

I got him guessed, that Wenzel guy, harpoons a
girl that’s young and spry,

’And tries to seal her up for life in the Old People’s
Home!

The way I had it figured out she married him to
please her folks:

“Our son-in-law, the King, you know!” (Some
speed! I guess that’s poor?)

So, when she sights a Maiden’s Dream, some real
live wire that’s made the team

Well, she sits up and notices, like any girl. Why,
sure!

Old Wenzel can’t quite cinch the case, but what he
doesn’t know, he thinks.

The lump he calls a heart congeals beneath his fancy
vest.

He sends for poor old Father John and says as
follows — “I am on!

I merely lack a few details! What hath the Queen
confessed?”

He holds the court upon the bridge. “Speak up,”
he says, “or otherwise

These spears will thrust you down to death! Come
through! I am the King!

Kick in! What did my spouse confess?” The
Queen sends frantic S. O. S. . . .

Maybe I sort of dozed, but well — here’s how I got
this thing . . .

He saw the startled courtiers, straining their ears;
He saw the white Queen swaying, striving to stand;
He saw the soldiers tensely gripping their spears,
Waiting the King’s command.

He heard a small page drawing a sobbing breath;
He heard a bird’s call, poignant and sweet and low;
He heard the rush of the river, spelling death,
Mocking him, down below,

But he only said, “My Liege,
To my honor you lay siege,

And that fortress you can never overthrow.”

He thought of how he had led them, all the years;
He thought of how he served them, death and birth;

He thought of healing their hates, stilling their
fears . . .

Humbly, he weighed his worth.

He knew he was leaving them far from the goal;

He knew with a deep joy it was safe and wise . . .

He knew that now the pale Queen's pitiful soul

Would awake and arise,

And he only said, "My King,

Every argument you bring

Merely sets my duty forth in sterner guise."

He felt the spears' points, merciless, thrust him
down;

He felt the exquisite, fierce glory of pain;

He felt the bright waves eager, reaching to drown,

Engulf him, body and brain:

He sensed cries, faint and clamorous, far behind;

He sensed cool peace, and the buoyant arms of love;

He sensed like a beacon, clear, beckoning kind,

Five stars, floating above . . .

To the ones who watched, it seemed

That he slept . . . and smiled . . . and

dreamed . . .

"And the waters were abated . . . and the

dove" . . .

And there I was on that old bridge . . . boob

Freshman me on that same bridge!

The lazy river hummed and purred and sang a
sleepy song . . .

Of course, I know it listens queer, but gad, it was
so real and near,

I stood there basking in the sun for goodness knows
how long.

Sometimes I see it even now: I see that little, lean,
old saint

Put up against the shining spears his simple nerve
and pluck:

And once, by Jove, you know, he came right down
beside me in the game . . .

We know who made the touchdown, then, old John
of Nepomuc!

Ruth Comfort Mitchell.

EL PONIENTE

Beneath the train the miles are folded by:
High and still higher thro' the vibrant air
We mount and climb. Silence and brazen glare;
Desert and sage-brush; cactus; alkali;
Tiny, low-growing flowers, brilliant, dry;
A vanishing coyote lean and spare,
Lopes slowly homeward with a backward stare
To jig-saw hills cut sharp against the sky.

In the hard turquoise rides a copper sun :
Old hopes come thronging with an urge, a zest :
Beside the window gliding wires run,
Binding two oceans. Argosy and quest !
Old dreams remembered to be dreamed and *done!*
It is young air we breathe. This is the West !
Ruth Comfort Mitchell.

IN THE MOHAVE

As I rode down the arroyo through yuccas belled
with bloom
I saw a last year's stalk lift dried hands to the
light,
Like age at prayer for death within a careless room,
Like one by day o'ertaken, whose sick desire is
night.

And as I rode I saw a lean coyote lying
All perfect as in life upon a silver dune,
Save that his feet no more could flee the harsh light's
spying,
Save that no more his shadow would cleave the
sinking moon.

O cruel land, where form endures, the spirit fled!
You chill the sun for me with your gray sphinx's
 smile,
Brooding in the bright silence above your captive
 dead,
Where beat the heart of life so brief, so brief a
 while!

Patrick Orr.

THE WATER OUZEL

LITTLE brown surf-bather of the mountains!
Spirit of foam, lover of cataracts, shaking your
 wings in falling waters!
Have you no fear of the roar and rush when Nevada
 plunges —
Nevada, the shapely dancer, feeling her way with
 slim white fingers?
How dare you dash at Yosemite the mighty —
Tall, white limbed Yosemite, leaping down, down
 over the cliff?
Is it not enough to lean on the blue air of mountains?
Is it not enough to rest with your mate at timber-
 line, in bushes that hug the rocks?
Must you fly through mad waters where the heaped-
 up granite breaks them?

Must you batter your wings in the torrent?
Must you plunge for life or death through the foam?

Harriet Monroe.

CALIFORNIA POPPIES

WITH dreams, and dust of dreaming, sweet and dim,
A hill all song—Great Pan had not disdained it;
Gold cups, with sunshine rippling o'er the rim,
And slender stems to break when you have
drained it.

Mary Carolyn Davies.

CALIFORNIA

BLUE, blue, April blue—
A drift of white, and a rift of blue,
A dream of white and a gleam of blue,
Blue, blue, blue!

Gold, gold, poppies' gold,
A flare of gold, and a glare of gold,
A hint of green, and a glint of gold,
Gold, gold, gold!

Mary Carolyn Davies.

TO THE SUMMER SUN

(Coronado)

GREAT sun, why are you pitiless?
All day your glance is hard and keen
Upon the hills that once were green
Where summer, sere and passionless,
Now lies brown-froked against the sky
And makes of them her resting place
Since she has drunk the valleys dry.
You never turn away your face
And I, who love you, cannot bear
Your long, barbaric, searching look
Down through the low cool flights of air;
Your tirelessness I cannot brook,
For all my body aches with light
And you have glutted me with sight,
With flooding color made me blind
To homely things more soft and kind,
Till I have longed for clouds to roll
Between you and my naked soul
O Great Beloved, hide away
That I may miss you for a day!

Marguerite Wilkinson.

THE MOUNTAIN LILAC

UPON the hills,
Upon the little foothills,
Out there, beyond the pungent sage of the mesa,
A film of blue has shadowed the soft green
That followed the rains of spring.
And into the mountains,
Back behind the foothills,
The mist of fine, elusive blue is rising,
Even as smoke might rise from spreading fires
Long smouldering near the earth.

The golden sun pitched camp upon the hills,
After the long gray rains had washed them clean,
And where he wandered,
And where his fingers touched it,
The earth grown hot with love of his bright beauty,
Gave back this smoke
Soon to be broken by the flaring flame
Of mimulus and tarweed.
Soon through this living mist,
This dear blue smoke,
Will the sun-kindled summer break and burn
Upon the hills.

Marguerite Wilkinson.

WITH THE TREES: A PROSE POEM

THE liveoaks are my soldiery, gnarled and resistant, bearded with grey-green, drooping mosses. They stand about my dwelling staunch, tireless, unflinching, the brave masters of today and to-morrow.

The sweet pepper trees are my fellows and companions, full of sympathy, gay, friendly, delicate, and tactful, demanding neither too much nor too little of me, waving long plumes in the breeze, flashing bright berries in the sun. When I go out I seek them, and when I come in I bring them with me.

The eucalyptus trees are my poets and idealists, stripping off ruthlessly the binding withered bark of today, ready to stand nude under the sun in the truth of to-morrow, with high borne heads, acquiescent in the beauty of life and death.

The sycamores are my choice and careful advisers, remote and infrequently sought, demonstrating clearly that one way is not so good as another, profiting by the tears shed in springtime, taking the way of their nature, following the course of the hill streams, discriminating between this and that.

The olive trees are my ghosts, my memories of all that has been, lingering in silver-grey presence near the life that now is, turning my thoughts back and inward upon grey days of pain and sadness, or silver days of joy, that I may remember and be wise.

Below me and about me are also the fair fruit trees that live but for the hope of fragrant blossoms, that are to me as souls that strongly love.

At night, slowly and serenely, rises the mist from the ocean until it encloses my hillside dwelling, wrapping me close in tremulous silence with the trees. And in the morning, comes the sun, the revealer, to give us over to each other anew.

Make me to understand you aright, I beseech you, my soldiers, my friends, my poets, my prophets, my ghosts, my radiant lovers, my trees fair-favored and at peace!

Make me hardy and determined as yourselves, O liveoaks near my dwelling!

Grant me somewhat of your strange, silent sympathy, sweet pepper trees!

Inspire me to the quest of beauty and truth, beloved eucalyptus!

Counsel out of many sorrows grant me, O distant and sagacious sycamores!

Yield me prescience and wisdom, O ghostly olives!

Make my love to be fragrant and mighty as yours, dear trees of blossom and fruit burden!

Give me abundantly, all of you, of your manifold gifts, for all I am and for all that I give forth!

Such is my desire while I am with the trees.

Marguerite Wilkinson.

VALE

*Her gaunt sierras edged with fire or snow,
Cutting the burnished sky, her steep on steep
Of tawny-breasted hills, her golden fields,
I might not hope to keep.*

*And I may never go again to find
The topaz glory of her mellow days,
The blessed fragrance of her sapphire nights,
And softly sing their praise.*

*But I shall keep her beauty to the end,
For beauty changes those who love it most,—
And through my heart the echoing rhythms beat
Of waves upon her coast.*

AUTHOR AND TITLE INDEX

	PAGE
Abalone Shell, An.....Grace MacGowan Cooke	75
Amateurs	Geroid Robinson 123
ANDERSON, MAXWELL	
Youth's Songs.....	122
Angelus, The.....Bret Harte	36
ANONYMOUS	
"Days of 'Forty-Nine, The".....	4
As I Came Down Mount Tamalpais.....Clarence Urmy	104
At the Stevenson Fountain.....Wallace Irwin	83
ATKINS, DAVID	
Trail, The.....	69
ATKINS, HENRY	
To Virginia.....	71
AUSTIN, MARY	
Neither Spirit nor Bird.....	79
Ballad of the Gold Country, A.....Helen Hunt Jackson	8
BARRINGTON, PAULINE B.	
In a Garden.....	120
BASHFORD, HERBERT	
Morning in Camp.....	108
Night in Camp.....	108
Bed of Fleur-de-Lys, The.....Charlotte Perkins Gilman	80
Bells of San Gabriel.....Charles Warren Stoddard	41
Bells of San Juan Capistrano, The.....Charles Keeler	126
Black Vulture, The.....George Sterling	57
BURGESS, GELETT	
Ebb Tide at Noon.....	92
Song of the New Year, A.....	92
BUTLER, JENNIE McBRIDE	
Wind of the South.....	101
California.....Ina Coolbrith	29
California.....Mary Carolyn Davies	141
California Easter Mass, A.....Charles K. Field	112
California of the South.....Grace Ellery Channing	102
California Poppies.....Mary Carolyn Davies	141
California Song, A.....Clarence Urmy	106

	PAGE
Campfire, The.....Margaret Adelaide Wilson	103
CARRUTH, WILLIAM HERBERT	
Each in His Own Tongue.....	89
"Cauldron, The".....Francis Walker	100
CHANNING, GRACE ELLERY	
California of the South.....	102
CHENEY, JOHN VANCE	
Coyote	64
Presidio Hill	62
CHENEY, WARREN	
January	86
Child Heart, The.....Charles Keeler	129
CLOVER, MADGE	
In Carmel Bay.....	87
CLOVER, SAMUEL TRAVERS	
When Zephyrs Blow.....	86
COOKE, GRACE MACGOWAN	
Abalone Shell, An.....	75
COOLBRITH, INA	
California	29
When the Grass Shall Cover Me.....	35
Coyote.....John Vance Cheney	64
CRANE, LAUREN E.	
Song, The (From "Juanita").....	3
Creed of Desire, The.....Bruce Porter	111
DAGGETT, ROLLIN M.	
My New Year's Guests.....	13
DAVIES, MARY CAROLYN	
California	141
California Poppies.....	141
DAWSON, EMMA FRANCES	
Old Glory.....	72
"Days of 'Forty-Nine, The".....Anonymous	4
DENNEN, GRACE ATHERTON	
Gold-of-Ophir Roses	90
DRISCOLL, MARJORIE CHARLES	
Song of Thomas the Rhymer, The.....	124
DUFF, JAMES LEO	
Mater Dolorosa	125
Each in His Own Tongue.....William Herbert Carruth	89
Ebb Tide at Noon.....Gelett Burgess	92
El Canelo.....Bayard Taylor	23

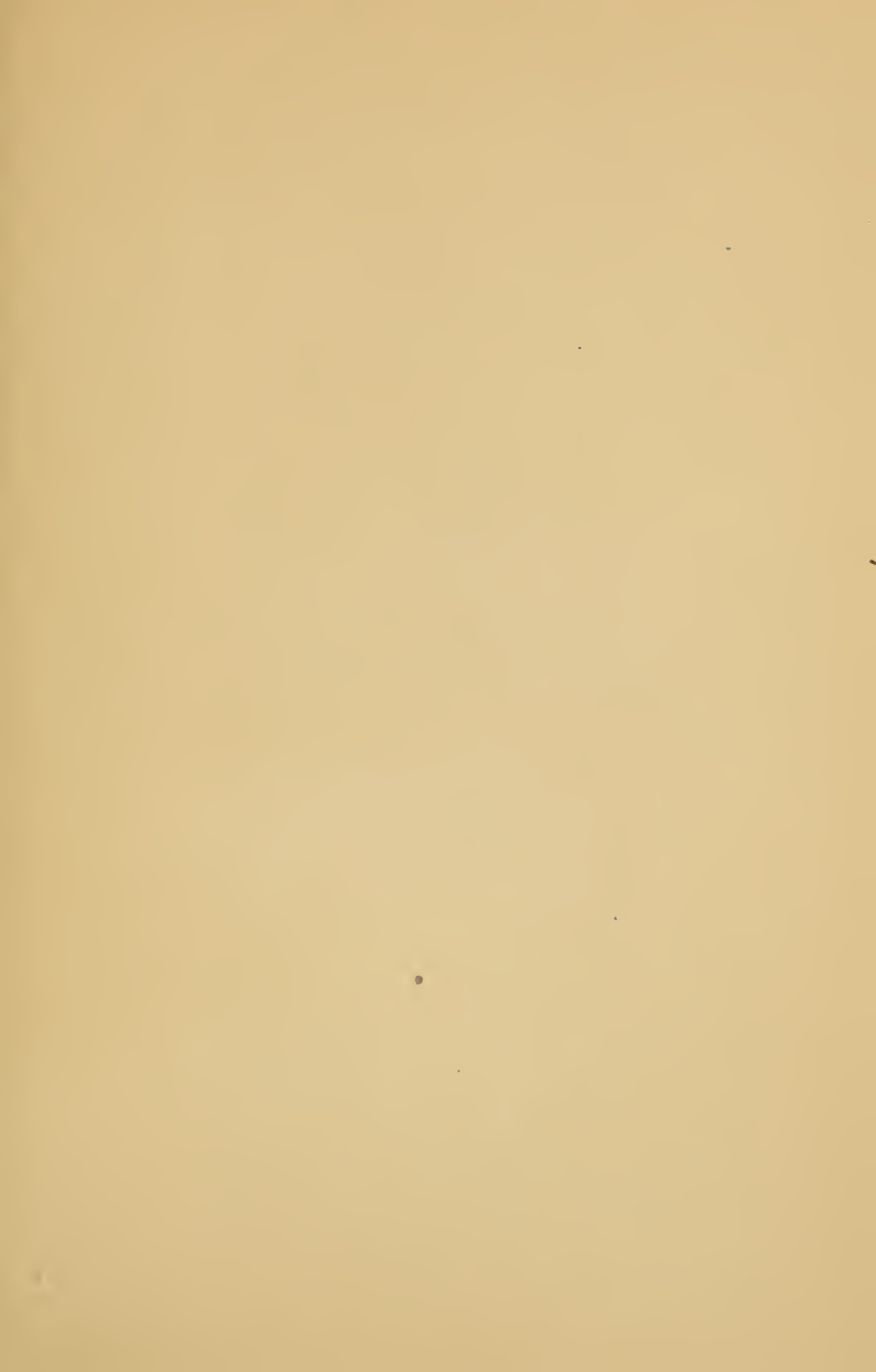
	PAGE
El Dorado: A Song.....Charles Mills Gayley	61
El Poniente.....Ruth Comfort Mitchell	138
El Vaquero.....Lucius Harwood Foote	25
Evening.....Edward Pollock	19
FIELD, CHARLES K.	
California Easter Mass, A.....	112
Years, The.....	112
FOOTE, LUCIUS HARWOOD	
El Vaquero.....	25
Forest Couplets.....Clarence Urmey	107
GAYLEY, CHARLES MILLS	
El Dorado: A Song.....	61
GILMAN, CHARLOTTE PERKINS	
Bed of Fleur-de-Lys, The.....	80
Gold-of-Ophir Roses.....Grace Atherton Dennen	90
HAGUE, ELEANOR (translator)	
O Blanca Virgen a Tu Ventana!.....	1
HARDY, IRENE	
Wedding-Day Gallop, A.....	76
HARTE, BRET	
Angelus, The.....	36
Reveille, The.....	38
What the Bullet Sang.....	40
Heart's Return, The.....Edwin Markham	54
HERON, HERBERT	
To William Vaughn Moody.....	110
In a Garden.....Pauline B. Barrington	120
In an Alameda Field.....Anna Catherine Markham	94
In Carmel Bay.....Madge Clover	87
In Teháchapi.....David Starr Jordan	133
In the Mohave.....Patrick Orr	139
In the Mojave.....Charles F. Lummis	84
In the States.....Robert Louis Stevenson	44
In the Valley.....Yone Noguchi	109
In Yosemite Valley.....Joaquin Miller	44
Indirection.....Richard Realf	21
Iphigenia in Aulis.....Charles Phillips	97
IRWIN, WALLACE	
At the Stevenson Fountain.....	83

	PAGE
JACKSON, HELEN HUNT	
Ballad of the Gold Country.....	8
January.....	Warren Cheney 86
JEFFERS, ROBINSON	
Let Us Go Home to Paradise.....	114
JORDAN, DAVID STARR	
In Teháchapi.....	133
Joy of the Hills, The.....	Edwin Markham 52
Just California.....	John Steven McGroarty 84
KEELER, CHARLES	
Bells of San Juan Capistrano, The.....	126
Child Heart, The.....	129
Pescadero Pebbles.....	128
LAFLER, HENRY ANDERSON	
White Feet of Atthis, The.....	66
Wireless.....	65
Last Days, The.....	George Sterling 55
Let Us Go Home to Paradise.....	Robinson Jeffers 114
Luck.....	Dare Stark 124
LUMMIS, CHARLES F.	
In the Mojave.....	84
Lyric.....	Joaquin Miller 46
Lyric.....	Joaquin Miller 47
Man with the Hoe, The.....	Edwin Markham 50
MARKHAM, ANNA CATHERINE	
In an Alameda Field.....	94
MARKHAM, EDWIN	
Heart's Return, The.....	54
Joy of the Hills, The.....	52
Man with the Hoe, The.....	50
Mater Dolorosa.....	James Leo Duff 125
MCGROARTY, JOHN STEVEN	
Just California.....	84
Midsummer East and West.....	Virna Woods 130
MILLER, JOAQUIN	
In Yosemite Valley.....	44
Lyric.....	46
Lyric.....	47
MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT	
El Poniente.....	138
St. John of Nepomuc.....	134

	PAGE
MONROE, HARRIET	
Water Ouzel, The.....	140
Morning in Camp.....Herbert Bashford	108
Mountain Lilac, The.....Marguerite Wilkinson	143
Mountain, The.....Edward Robeson Taylor	132
My New Year's Guests.....Rollin M. Daggett	13
Neither Spirit nor Bird.....Mary Austin	79
Nero.....Clark Ashton Smith	116
NEWMAN, FANNY HODGES	
To Paleolithic Man.....	98
Night in Camp.....Herbert Bashford	108
NOGUCHI, YONE	
In the Valley.....	109
O Blanca Virgen a Tu Ventana !.....	
.....Eleanor Hague (translator)	1
Old Glory.....Emma Frances Dawson	72
On a Picture of Mount Shasta by Keith.....	
.....Edward Rowland Sill	47
ORR, PATRICK	
In the Mohave.....	139
PAYSON, MAHDAH	
To My Mountain.....	100
Pescadero Pebbles.....Charles Keeler	128
PHILLIPS, CHARLES	
Iphigenia in Aulis.....	97
POLLOCK, EDWARD	
Evening.....	19
PORTER, BRUCE	
Creed of Desire, The.....	111
Presidio Hill.....John Vance Cheney	62
REALF, RICHARD	
Indirection.....	21
Reveille, The.....Bret Harte	38
ROBINSON, GERIOD	
Amateurs.....	123
ROGERS, ROBERT CAMERON	
Rosary, The.....	88
Rosary, The.....Robert Cameron Rogers	88

	PAGE
Santa Barbara Beach.....Ridgeley Torrence	110
SHEPARD, ODELL	
Windy Morning.....	115
SHINN, MILICENT WASHBURN	
When Almonds Bloom.....	75
SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND	
On a Picture of Mount Shasta by Keith.....	47
SKINNER, CONSTANCE LINDSAY	
Song of Cradle-Making.....	95
SMITH, CLARK ASHTON	
Nero.....	116
Song, The (From "Juanita").....Lauren E. Crane	3
Song of Cradle-Making.....Constance Lindsay Skinner	95
Song of the New Year, A.....Gelett Burgess	92
Song of Thomas the Rhymer, The.....	
.....Marjorie Charles Driscoll	124
St. John of Nepomuc.....Ruth Comfort Mitchell	134
STARK, DARE	
Luck.....	124
STERLING, GEORGE	
Black Vulture, The.....	57
Last Days, The.....	55
Voice of the Dove, The.....	56
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS	
In the States.....	44
STODDARD, CHARLES WARREN	
Bells of San Gabriel.....	41
STORK, CHARLES WHARTON	
Yosemite Strophes.....	131
TAYLOR, BAYARD	
El Canelo.....	23
TAYLOR, EDWARD ROBESON	
Mountain, The.....	132
To My Mountain.....Mahdah Payson	100
To Paleolithic Man.....Fanny Hodges Newman	98
To the Colorado Desert.....Madge Morris Wagner	81
To the Summer Sun.....Marguerite Wilkinson	142
To Virginia.....Henry Atkins	71
To William Vaughn Moody.....Herbert Heron	110
TOMPKINS, JULIET WILBUR	
Western Blood.....	113

	PAGE
TORRENCE, RIDGELEY	
Santa Barbara Beach.....	110
Trail, The.....David Atkins	69
URMY, CLARENCE	
As I Came Down Mount Tamalpais.....	104
California Song, A.....	106
Forest Couplets.....	107
Voice of the Dove, The.....George Sterling	56
WAGNER, MADGE MORRIS	
To the Colorado Desert.....	81
WALKER, FRANCIS	
" Cauldron, The ".....	100
Water Ouzel, The.....Harriet Monroe	140
Wedding-Day Gallop, A.....Irene Hardy	76
Western Blood.....Juliet Wilbur Tompkins	113
What the Bullet Sang.....Bret Harte	40
When Almonds Bloom.....Milicent Washburn Shinn	75
When the Grass Shall Cover Me.....Ina Coolbrith	35
When Zephyrs Blow.....Samuel Travers Clover	86
White Feet of Atthis, The.....Henry Anderson Lafler	66
WILKINSON, MARGUERITE	
Mountain Lilac, The.....	143
To the Summer Sun.....	142
With the Trees: A Prose Poem.....	144
WILSON, MARGARET ADELAIDE	
Campfire, The.....	103
Wind of the South.....Jennie McBride Butler	101
Windy Morning.....Odell Shepard	115
Wireless.....Henry Anderson Lafler	65
With the Trees: A Prose Poem...Marguerite Wilkinson	144
WOODS, VIRNA	
Midsummer East and West.....	130
Years, The.....Charles K. Field	112
Yosemite Strophes.....Charles Wharton Stork	131
Youth's Songs.....Maxwell Anderson	122



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